The New Nobility and the Blood Royal, page 954.

Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

No. 40. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, 1914. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) ONE PENNY

"WANT ANY COAL?"

Modern Life

No. 40. Week ending February 7th. One Penny.

EDITORIAL OFFICES:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.
PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.
ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 8s. 8d.; for six months, 4s. 4d.; for three months, 2s. 2d. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing Department at above address.
NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS:—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words). Humorous and topical sketches (line drawings) will also be considered. Stamped envelope should be enclosed. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval.

ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

A Royal Pageant in store for Londoners.

I hear that London is to enjoy a state pageant of the first order on the occasion of the visit of the new King and Queen of Denmark to this country in March or May. The streets will be lined by troops from Victoria to the Guildhall, and every mark of respect that London can pay to King George's cousins is to be paid. I hear also that the King and Queen of Italy are to come over later in the year; but there will be no pageantry on this occasion, as King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena have already had their state progress from Buckingham Palace to the City some years ago. In honour of the new Danish sovereigns a state performance will be given at the Opera, and a Royal review at Aldershot. Which is as well, as Londoners revel in a real Royal show, and there has been nothing much since the Coronation. In the days of King Edward quite a number of sovereigns drove through London *en prince*, with full civic and military honours, the most popular of whom were, of course, the King of Spain and King Manoel's father, the late Dom Carlos.

* * *

The new Nobility and the Blood Royal.

There are to be great junkettings over the new year's first important wedding, and those two new peers, Lords Newton and Knaresborough, will get all the *éclat* they can out of their new coronets, you may be sure! Lord Knaresborough was, of course, Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson, until the Radicals came into their present power, when he was improved into a baron. Lord Knaresborough is the father of the bride, and the father of the bridegroom is that Lord Newton whose father got his peerage at the time of Queen Victoria's first jubilee. Not that we wish to poke fun at these two new nobles, for, curious as it may seem, they are both immensely proud persons on account of their possessing strains of the old Blood Royal of England!

* * *

Some Very Blue Corpuscles.

Lord Knaresborough regards himself as a descendant (through marriage) of King Henry I.; while Lord Newton (formerly Mr. Legh), claims, we believe, several streams of very blue corpuscles. Anyway, he represents a family which has been settled upon its ancestral acres ever since the reign of Richard II. To beautiful Lyme Park Lord Newton's son is heir, so that the marriage is like to create quite a talk in town and country. Lord Newton, by the way, is no backwoodsman, and when he tells his brother peers what he thinks they listen intently, for his lordship has a directness of speech rarely met with nowadays. One of his latest books was the "Life of Lord Lyons."

What will the Duke of Orleans do?

There was [illegible] chagrin in the heart of the Duke of Orl[eans] at the [illegible] of Prince Victor Napoleon's son and [heir]. After [illegible] fifty years in England, where he kept up [a] state at Wood Norton, Evesham, the Duke was [re]three years ago to learn that his Bonapartist rival to [the] French throne had married a really royal prin[cess], daughter of King Leopold of the Belgians, and the couple had taken a house on the Belgian frontier, so as as near to Paris as possible when the scramble for French crown comes—as many think it will come, if claimants only wait long enough.

* * *

Possible race for the French Throne.

The Duke of Orleans, as the representative of the Bo[na]rulers of France, at once decided that Prince Victor N[a]parte's royal marriage had made him a formidable rival, he threw up his country seat at Evesham and s[old] it (so far as this country is concerned) and also went to reside the Belgian frontier. So the Duke of Orleans and P[rince] Victor were, until the other day, equal as "starters" for Monarchy in Paris. But now Prince Victor's baby has a tremend[ous] difference, for the Duke of Orleans has had any c[hildren] by his Duchess, nor have his efforts divorce her [been] so far successful. Whether the Duke of Orleans will [now] make further efforts to free himself, so that he can marry again, and get quits with Prince Napoleon, is an interesting dynastic question.

* * *

No Earldom for Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

There is no truth in the suggestion of the *World* that Chamberlain is to become an Earl. It is well known when the late Marquess of Salisbury offered the honourable gentleman a peerage, he respectfully declined and intimated that he intended to die "plain Joseph Chamberlain." And this determination is as sincere in mind of the famous invalid as ever it was. After his death it is highly probable that his son, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, will be created "Earl of Birmingham," but the ex-Leader of the Tory party in the House of Commons regards his as above ennoblement. Mr. Chamberlain, of course, knows as much as any man of the secrets of some of our titles, and a peerage for himself is something that makes his lip curl! I hear that amongst his friends Lloyd George has, too, expressed his determination never suffer ennoblement! To which we say, "Bravo, sir!"

* * *

A Birmingham Barony and its Possessors.

It may be mentioned that there is already a "Birmingham," though you never heard of him! He is fifteenth Viscount Gormanston, and his barony of Birmingham is one of the oldest titles in the Peerage, it having been created as far back as the middle of the fourteenth century. Lord Gormanston was, until recently, a subaltern in the Manchester Regiment, but we believe he retired on succeeding his father in the family honours in 1907. The late Gormanston was one of our martyrs to Empire. They sent him out to govern some of our most outlandish possessions, notably the Leeward Islands, British Guiana, and Tasmania, where, being rather hard up (for Irish depression had fallen upon him rather badly), he remained for fifteen years in order to qualify for a pension.

He stayed too long, however, and came home a broken man, and though he lived another seven years he never got back his old health! His pension was hardly won! The Birmingham barony is, however, an Irish one, derived from Birmingham near Kells, and would be no bar to Mr. Chamberlain's becoming "Lord Birmingham" if he desired a coronet!

* * *

"Bucks" and "Blades" v. "Knuts" and "Bounders."

Some funny things have been taking place lately in a delectable region off the North End Road, which is one of the backwaters of West Kensington. The Piffard shooting affair is symptomatic! Which reminds us that times have changed, but not much for the better with some [of us]. In days of yore gentlemen who preferred freedom to [matrimony] but never neglected themselves, were known as "blades" and "bucks." Then every "blade" who considered himself "in the movement" had an *inamorata* whom he kept under his own roof, and did not blush to find it fame.

In another column we tell the story of a Duke of Grafton and how Nancy Parsons did the honours of his town h[ouse]

Waiter: "Excuse me, sir, but this is a bad half-sovereign."
Customer: "I know. It was a bad lunch."

and did them like a queen. From William the Fourth down to the simplest country attorney, the custom varied little, and men knew who were their fathers, whether they bore their names or not. Now things are varied somewhat, and some of the uniformed commissionaires in West Kensington could tell you things that would make you alternately laugh and cry!

* * *

How times have changed with the Men about Town.

A "life of pleasure" west of the North End Road usually means a handsome set of furs and ragged corsets! During the last twenty years half the slums of West Kensington have given place to smart "mansions." Nearer town fifty thousand suites of bachelor flats, too, have sprung up, and it is now "the thing" for the "man about town" to have his own flat, where his little popsey-wopsey from West Kensington does the hostess whenever he wants to be made a mass of. You may see the darlings popping out of the roads about Baron's Court of a morning, got up to look like sweet seventeen, with two big bows across their pink necks, a kiss curl peeping over each delicately-rouged cheek, a Dorothy bag, and rheumatic stockings. They look so inoffensive, you know, as if they wouldn't give you the glad eye for worlds—not if there is another woman in the bus! The Piccadilly 'bus conductors know them well, and always wish them a good time as they trip off the step at Swallow Street or Swan and Edgar's corner! But "boys will be boys," just as much in 1914 as in 1814! It's only the *venue* that has changed!

* * *

An Anglo-American Barrister and his Books.

In justice to the Bar we are glad to be able to state that the barrister who was last week petitioning for damages from a young lady for breach of promise of marriage is not by birth an Englishman. Mr. Beach Chester is, however, a very accomplished man. His three months' flirtation with the damsel resulted in nothing but his being told by the Judge: "I wish to take particular care that it is out of your power to make any use of these letters which would bring you before the Benchers of your Inn!" (The Judge had just been handed one letter which the Barrister wrote to the lady's father!). It appears to have been a case of so unpleasant a character that Mr. Beach Chester discontinued the action when it was actually before the Judge. Which was as well.

Mr. Beach Chester is an American, who has lived long in Europe, and he is a very able writer of books on French life and character. He is not unknown in Fleet Street—where he is one of its quaintest habitues! Though not pretty, he has a fascinating way with the ladies, and we are sorry for the poor little flapper who came under the influence of his subtle eloquence. For ourselves, we used to admire it, but it stopped short at admiration. Fortunately we are not flappers!

* * *

Famous Diplomat to Retire.

There is no truth in the statement of the *Daily Graphic* that Lord Hardinge of Penshurst will take the Paris ambassadorship when Sir Francis Bertie retires, as it is expected he will after the forthcoming visit of their Majesties to the French capital. Lord Hardinge will remain in India till the full completion of his term, where he has proved a marked success. After that he will devote himself to Indian questions in the House of Lords. Sir Francis Bertie is now seventy years old. He has had his full run in Paris; and will retire from the service when next he makes a change. He has been a wise and tactful diplomat, and could write a remarkable book of recollections, if he was allowed to do so, which he is not. Since the late Sir Horace Rumbold gave us his reminiscences Lord Lansdowne has issued an order that ambassadors are not to commit their recollections to print. And quite right too!

* * *

Westminster Abbey and the Really Great.

So Lord Strathcona was not interred in Westminster Abbey, and Highgate Cemetery was deemed good enough for one of the greatest Britishers of our time. Very good, but let the fact be well remembered. "Sane and sober" as we Englishmen regard ourselves, we are as prone at times to absurd fits of insanity as the French! All France is just now laughing over the incident of the clever editor who decided to illustrate the absurdity of the French mania for statues by inventing a literary hero with a fictitious name—and inviting public subscriptions for the erection of a statue

in his honour. In response no less than thirty deputies forwarded cheques towards the statue of the "great and good man," whose name they had never before heard! Ridiculous as this incident appears, it has been paralleled in London in recent times.

* * *

Mr. Maurice Hewlett tells the Dean of Westminster "he must do it!"

Five years ago there died a nice old gentleman who had written a few novels which had had a certain vogue amongst a select "literary" few. He was very much of a poseur, but otherwise a harmless old fellow enough. His name was George Meredith. Amongst the vast multitude of ordinary folk who are the backbone of this nation "George Meredith" was but a name, and to that vaster army of people known as "the workers" the name Meredith connoted not authorship but biscuits. That the "sage of Dorking" (as Meredith's admirer loved to dub him) merited interment within the National Valhalla no one to-day would pretend.

Yet, so strange are the emotions which guide men in moments of passion, that when Meredith died, the Authors' Club petitioned the Dean of Westminster to bury "the sage" in the Abbey! The Dean, who has sole power (with his faculty), politely declined! Dr. Armytage Robinson, unhampered by literary bias, knew exactly what Meredith's status with his countrymen was! The Dean's cool refusal of the Authors' petition, however, took them by complete surprise. They could not believe their own ears and eyes.

* * *

Author who failed to realise the power of the Dean!

So Mr. Maurice Hewlett wired to the secretary of the Authors' Club, "Tell the Dean that the whole society is at our back, and he must do it!" That last phrase, of course, settled the question of Meredith's sepulchre. Mr. Maurice Hewlett obviously had no idea of the power of the Dean of Westminster! Fifty telegrams flew over the country at Mr. Maurice Hewlett's bidding to "important" authors, who were requested to write or call upon the Dean! The Prime Minister was buttonholed, Lord Morley inveigled, and all the Literary Funds were got to work. But the Dean of Westminster had said No! and there was an end o't! And who to-day would assert that George Meredith deserved sepulture in the sacred edifice reserved for the nation's really great?

* *

Pride will have a fall.

The ex-Naval officer, whose wealthy wife has obtained a judicial separation, must be sorry for his foolishness, and now wish that he had controlled his violent temper. She settled £2,000 a year upon him (with, however, power to reduce the amount to £1,000 if she thought proper); he kept a pack of hounds, and lorded it as squire at one of the grandest old homes in the kingdom, a beautiful place that had belonged to his wife's ancestors since Henry VIII 's time. 'Tis a pity for his own sake that he forgot there is such a thing as gratitude—and thankfulness at being no longer dependent upon a profession from which, in all probability, he would have had to retire as a lieutenant on an inadequate pension.

But this foolish man had no idea of the fitness of things. No sooner had he and his wife settled at the latter's ancestral home, an impressive grey structure with three strange ghosts haunting it, and one of the architectural jewels of the country, than he endeavoured to manage matters on feudal principles. The people on the property were, in his opinion, lukewarm in church attendance, so he had a notice affixed on the church doors to the effect that "the Squire," etc, wished those and their families connected with the estate to attend service, "and worship God in the steps of their forefathers." reminder of feudal days was strongly resented.

Next "the Squire" came to loggerheads with the council over some footpaths. The public had been to use them freely for years, but "the Squire" private rights and an acute conflict arose. It is to see anybody's discomfiture pleasing people, but a good deal of satisfaction in a little village not a miles from Guildford in the knowledge that pride gance have had a fall.

* * *

The Coming Courts.

There is much dissatisfaction consequent upon the ment that the lists for attendance at Court are full season. Five Courts are now held, but these enough, and either there should be a sixth, or a attendance permitted at the five. In Victorian Drawing Rooms were quite enough to cope with nowadays many more people go to Court.

Last year many who expected to make their their Majesties had to be disappointed, and the is happening again this season. Courts are tedious to the King and Queen, but it may be remembered are over much earlier than were Queen Victoria's Rooms, and her late Majesty was an old lady.

And surely the loyalty of those wishing to attend should stand for something. Then there is the business another Court would bring to West End men, who sadly miss the solid expenditure which with the 'nineties, everything being done now on paring principle, a state of things for which the motor car is partly responsible. Under the circum surely an extra Court might be squeezed in if only sake of the money which would be circulated?

DISSATISFIED.

"Charlie, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "the says she is going to leave."

"What for?"

"She says the Welsh rabbits we make in the dish give her indigestion."

"I bumped into our paying guest on the stairs last night, dear, and he asked me for a kiss."
"Great Scott! What cheek!"
"He wasn't particular which."

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

"LORD WINSTON NELSON."

erything is all right now. We can sleep peacefully in beds, notwithstanding all the recent and present er about the Navy. Lord Winston Nelson and Mr. d George have had a cup of tea together (vide the rs). Nay, more, they have actually had a game of golf vide the papers), and have no doubt chuckled to them- s as they saw each other bunkered, with all the exquisite usy with which even friendly politicians (being human) ach other bunkered in the great game of politics that to the Premiership (or doesn't, as the case may be). of which is very cheering, and very uninteresting. I don't think the great British nation, when it comes down to the root of the things that matter to the ire, cares "tuppence" for either of the two political s aforesaid, men who occupy perhaps a greater position he world's shape than intrinsically they deserve. The remark applies to Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. r Law, to Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson. All es, all leaders, are of a bunch in this regard, and what- my political opinions may be I cannot differentiate our at" men on this occasion. For I don't believe, how- much we may be asked to get excited over the way in h statesmen play the Navy for all it is worth for the of politics and votes, that the British people are going hittle down their Navy, and take chances with any try, even if we have to spend a good deal more than we pending at the present moment. It is utterly impos- in this, or in any other matter, to strike the perfect ideal happy medium. Very well. Let us take the tion right out of party politics with which it ought to nothing to do, and make up our minds to spend rather than may be ideally necessary rather than a little less. the only safe policy. Surely we had enough of neglect reparation in the South African War to last us for a What a terrible mess we made of that affair, only those who were in the war perhaps know to perfection. And look back to those hideous times of panic and blood, I mber that at that time I was a Little Navy man; but I remember that I swore that if ever I returned to and I would tell the English people to recollect, with certainty with which they recollect their breakfast, the s of a great statesman of old—"Prepare, prepare, are."

hope, therefore, reader, whatever your politics may be, you are as glad as I am to see our dear young friend ston "going strong" in Navy matters. And you can my word for it that nothing will stop him, although se pressure may perhaps moderate his spending just a at present. Nothing stopped him in South Africa, e he left the reputation of being a terribly clever and cious and go-ahead youngster, with a wonderful power rasping things quickly and fully; a reputation for se enthusiasm and a real love for the best interests of country, second only to his real love for him who was e christened in later years, "Lord Winston Nelson." I lect being in the Pretoria Hospital where Winston was d during the war. It was not very long after he had ped, and I enquired tenderly after the famous youngster. attendants at the hospital told me that they were hted to get rid of him (they had been there when the ital was used as a prison). They said he was the worry e place—always talking—always arguing about the war politics—always telling dogmatically how General —— ld have done this, and how Commandant —— should done that. He wanted to run the prison, to run South ca, to run the Empire, although he was but a few years twenty. It was the same in India, when, as a sub- enant of militia, he wrote home letters to a London r full of candid criticisms of his general and didactic ruction as to how the little frontier war ought to have carried on. Winston knew everything in those days. probably does not know so much to-day (in his own d), for, as Gladstone said, the older statesmen get, *the they know they know*. But I am quite sure, and the t British public, apart from politics, are quite sure, that nows enough, and works like a slave for the Navy igh, to see to it that neither Germany nor any other on finds us napping at sea as we were so disastrously, teen years ago, caught napping on land. The spirit of on won't suffer in Lord Winston Nelson's hands. And isn't it a glorious thing to have got right away from the "statesman" who ruled the Admiralty as if it were a dry goods store thirty years ago?—who, with other fossils, was sarcastically called "Marshall and Snelgrove" by Winston's father—who caused W. S. Gilbert to make of the British Navy a laughing-stock, in the immortal lines—

"Take this advice and never go to sea,
And you all may be ruling the Queen's Navee."

It is well indeed that at last we have a First Lord who *does* go to sea with a vengeance, and who takes good care to keep the Lords of the Admiralty alive and kicking. In the past the latter have spent a good deal of their time discussing trivial matters of uniform and the like, to the large neglect of that which above all things demands their attention if our Navy is to keep its supreme position among the sea powers of the world. Churchill keeps himself, and so the Navy, bang in the front of the public all the time, in contradistinction to the respectable old "goats" who were in the past engaged in the great task of dangling their legs beneath the comfortable mahogany table of the Admiralty Office. Time indeed is it that the public were once more aroused before the reckoning comes too late. Time, indeed, is it that this one thing upon which, after all, our Empire depends, should be free from even the suspicion of niggardliness. There are in the Press and on the platform, even to-day, very many who, marvellous to relate, loll and spout, apparently oblivious to the real defence of their island home, the protection of the commerce that has made them what they are. Churchill is battling with ignorance (for the people are really ignorant about the Navy), and with the apathy of the men, women and children whose very vitals depend upon the efficacy of the service. I was reading the other day something about the buttons and the treacle supplied to the Navy. The writer wrote about them as if they were matters of grave international importance. Buttons and treacle! And Germany on our flank. Buttons and treacle! And the Triple Alliance building ships galore. Buttons and treacle! And our submarines and our gallant young officers going down to the dull cold depths with only the spirit of Nelson to cheer them.

Let us then, whatever our politics, take off our hats to Churchill. He is fighting the battle of efficiency, our battle. Let us, as I said last week, throw aside our fairy dreams, and think no more that Providence is always looking after England, and does not care a row of pins for anybody but an Englishman. That is the fatal belief that has caused signs of decadence to appear on our horizon. They will tell you that the universe is a world-wide brotherhood—that the millennium is rapidly approaching—that everything will be all right for good old England as it was in the days of yore. Don't believe them! They will tell you that we have only to sing a few patriotic songs and listen to the shouting of music-hall crowds, and that the pluck of British sailors will do the rest. Don't have anything to do with the idea! Not that way was the Empire made. Not that way will the Empire be kept, a sacred charge for the posterity that shall come after us.

JONATHAN GRUB STRETE.

Several farmers were sitting around the stove in the store and telling how the potato bugs had got on their crops. Said one: "The bugs ate my whole crop in two weeks." Then another spoke up:

"They ate my crop in two days, and then sat around on the trees and waited for me to plant more."

Here the storekeeper broke in:

"Well, boys," he said, "that may be so, but I'll tell you what I saw in this very store. I saw four or five potato bugs examining the books about a week before planting time to see who had bought seed."—*American Short Stories.*

* * *

LIARS.

She found her dearest girl chum in tears.

The situation was unexpected, being rather common and vulgar. But the patrician girl was sympathetic enough to inquire, just as any other girl might.

"Why, dear, what on earth is the matter?"

"Men are all liars," sobbed the broken-hearted one.

"Oh, don't say that!" protested the other. "That's too broad a generalisation."

"Well, I suppose there are some good, honest fellows who are not. But all the really nice men are!"

MORE OR LESS.

One Wrong Ending.

"For the first time for forty years a wild swan, supposed to have flown across the North Sea, has been shot on the marshes of the Isle of Sheppey." Thus coldly a daily paper states a fact which to me is warm with romance. Hasn't from time immemorial a wild swan been a prince in disguise? Who knows what pretty love story has been so prosaically ended by a gun? We have many unwedded princesses in this land of fog and frost. To spy out the fairest, some prince of a far-off country may have turned into a swan. The stars to him as he flew, may well have been orange blossom, the faint call of the bells that reached him from below wedding chimes. And now we shall never know what princess he came to seek. But we shall do well to watch the papers to find which prince is dead.

* * *

Chère Reine Cross.

There was a little crowd outside Charing Cross Station this morning when I passed. I didn't wait to see who it was coming or going, or whether it was the living or the dead. Editors are people so full of blue pencil and adulation, that they refuse to wait for man or woman. And I had an appointment with one, otherwise I should have lingered. Chère Reine Cross has a special attraction for me, because it always makes me think when I pass it that there is the place where a brave queen—Eleanor—sucked the poison out of royal Edward's wound—rested when they bore her to London. There were green fields and wooded spaces in those days where the taxi-cabs stand now in shining rows, and the pigeons flutter on the cobble stones. How many people, as they pass to and fro between the big gates, ever pause to think that it was here once a litter rested with a sick queen inside it, and that it is in memory of her bravery the cross in the courtyard raises its granite head. The days of romance are over and done with and there is little enough romance to be found nowadays in the grey heart of Charing Cross (even under the big clock where so many appointments are made and not kept). But I like to think as I pass sometimes of the time when there were sheep in the fields about Charing Cross and a pale woman rested there, tired out from the wars.

* * *

Cham-Joy.

"All the restaurants in London are so dull," someone complained to me the other day. And I suppose they are. And yet there is plenty of most things about them—decorations and food and lights and people. Only the gaiety seems missing. Everything glitters, but there is no sparkle. The lights stare coldly, the people stare coldly, and mirth slinks by abashed. The average diner-out is afraid to lift his voice above the conventional church whisper. I think the remedy for all the funereal depression is to be found, Omar-like, in drink. Let champagne be made an obligatory purchase in restaurants as it is in Montmartre, and see if things wouldn't wake up a bit. Why the very sound of a hundred champagne corks popping at once would put a froth on things as well as in the glass. The tinkle of ice, the subtle smell of the wine, the cool huskiness of the wine (I can't think of a better word) slipping graciously down one's throat, who could resist these? And just as one swallow doesn't make a summer, so one bottle of champagne won't make a whole room gay. Let every diner, willy-willy, drink champagne and we shall hear no more of dull restaurants. "Oh! but the expense!" did I hear you say. Never mind the expense. If you can't afford to dine out properly, don't dine out at all. Have a bottle of limejuice at home.

* * *

Brains and Eggs.

A lady doctor is worrying because she says intellectual women won't marry. H'm! Now our opinion is that blue stockings are only interesting to men when made of silk and worn by the right women. Clever women do not appeal to the average man. He is afraid of them, and the cleverest woman, of course, is the woman clever enough to make a man believe she isn't. Wives should be nice plump cushiony sort of people with soft breasts and voices, not wide-browed ladies with a keen eye for the exact scientific value of love. You can't measure love any more than you can analyse or define it. And you certainly cannot interpret it by the aid of the old Greek philosophers, or even a first in "mods." And, after all, it is more important for the average married man to have a wife who knows exactly how long it takes to boil an egg, than it is for him to have one who knows the exact composition of that egg only. Talking about eggs, when you come to think of it, love itself is very like the curate's famous egg—good in parts.

Louise Heilgers.

Lady: What are you crying for, little girl?
Little Girl: 'Cos I've lost a penny my mother give me.
Lady: Never mind, don't cry any more here's another.
Little Girl: Boohoo. If I hadn't lost the other I should have had tuppence.

A prominent solicitor received a sudden invitation to spend a holiday with a party of friends in the north of Scotland. The solicitor was anxious to go, but didn't know whether it was a fishing or shooting party, so he wired: "I will start at once. What shall I bring?"

In a few hours he received this reply: "Corkscrew. Have the rest."

* * *

Father: Jane, are that young man's intentions serious?
Daughter: I think so, pa; he says our carriage house could be easily transformed into a garage and the stable would make a dandy billiard room and bowling alley!

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

A good many people are wondering whether, in the course of the Army Canteens case the source of a mysterious little red-covered pamphlet, which was freely distributed by post eight years ago, will transpire. It was without the name of either printer or publisher, and in well-turned phrases proved to the satisfaction of the writer the immense advantage, over any other, of that canteen system which has resulted in "brave and distinguished men being tempted to sell their honour for money."

* * *

At the same time, sundry papers had articles lauding to the skies the tenant system, the adoption of which throughout the Service would, it was asserted, be enormously to Tommy Atkins's benefit. It was infinitely superior to the co-operative system (whereby a firm acts simply as manager for a regiment, charging five per cent. above current wholesale prices for goods supplied and handing all the profits of the canteen to the regiment for its benefit), all these articles said, and one publication allowed its zeal to outrun its discretion, and came a bad cropper over its criticism of a firm working on the co-operative system. And it got little sympathy from those in the know.

*

The co-operative system is now making great headway. It has had to contend with much opposition, for there is no money to be given away to quarter-masters and sergeants. Regimental commanding officers are notoriously bad business men, and by accepting on behalf of his corps a handsome sum monthly, or yearly, from a firm of army contractors for the privilege of running the canteen, a colonel thinks he has done very well for his men. He has had, of course, advice from one or two subordinates who have had good doses of "palm oil." But the genuine advantages of the co-operative system are being widely recognised.

*

Shop-lifting is very much on the increase in London. Many women with a kink in their brains make a practice of going to the big shops—especially at sale-time—day after day. They come home laden with all sorts of articles, for which they can show *no* bills! Only one thief in six is caught, and a prosecution very rarely follows.

*

Are not the papers being rather brutal in the way they are impressing upon the public that Princess Nadia is such a marked contrast to her sister, Princess Zia, being very beautiful and accomplished? Even if you do happen to be "the ugly duckling of the family" you don't want the fact spread broadcast.

* * *

The Infanta Eulalia of Spain, speaking of princesses in her reminiscences, says, "I wonder that we are not all idiots." It is possibly a good thing she has said it herself.

* * *

Who was the novelist whose name a well-known sportsman used in writing love-letters to a married lady? Was it quite sportsmanlike behaviour? And wouldn't there have been a "merry little hell" in a certain quarter, if a hand-writing expert had not discovered that they were not really in the novelist's handwriting, when someone offered them for sale?

* * *

Why was the lady foolish enough to carry the letters about with her in a bag, and not only to carry them about, but to leave them in a train? And what were her feelings when she discovered she had lost the letters?

* * *

Who is the society lady who consumes a bottle of brandy a day? How long is she going to manage to keep it up? And wasn't it rather a surprise to a friend before whom she posed as a teetotaler, when he stumbled on a shed in the grounds of her house, chock-full of empty brandy bottles, which must have accumulated in six months?

* *

It is high time something was done to clear away the gangs of young ruffians who haunt Piccadilly Circus Tube Station and insult every passer-by after midnight.

* *

Who is the well-known actress who, through a little difference of opinion with the management, was asked to terminate her engagement immediately? And is it true that she means to bring the matter into Court?

* *

Wasn't it rather unlucky for the hostess who gave a Bohemian dinner in her flat to a friend or two the other evening, in the absence of her cook, that the serving hatch between the kitchen and dining room should unaccountably have flown open while she and a gentleman friend were preparing the dinner? And wasn't it just as awkward for the other two guests who were entertaining each other before the dining-room fire?

* *

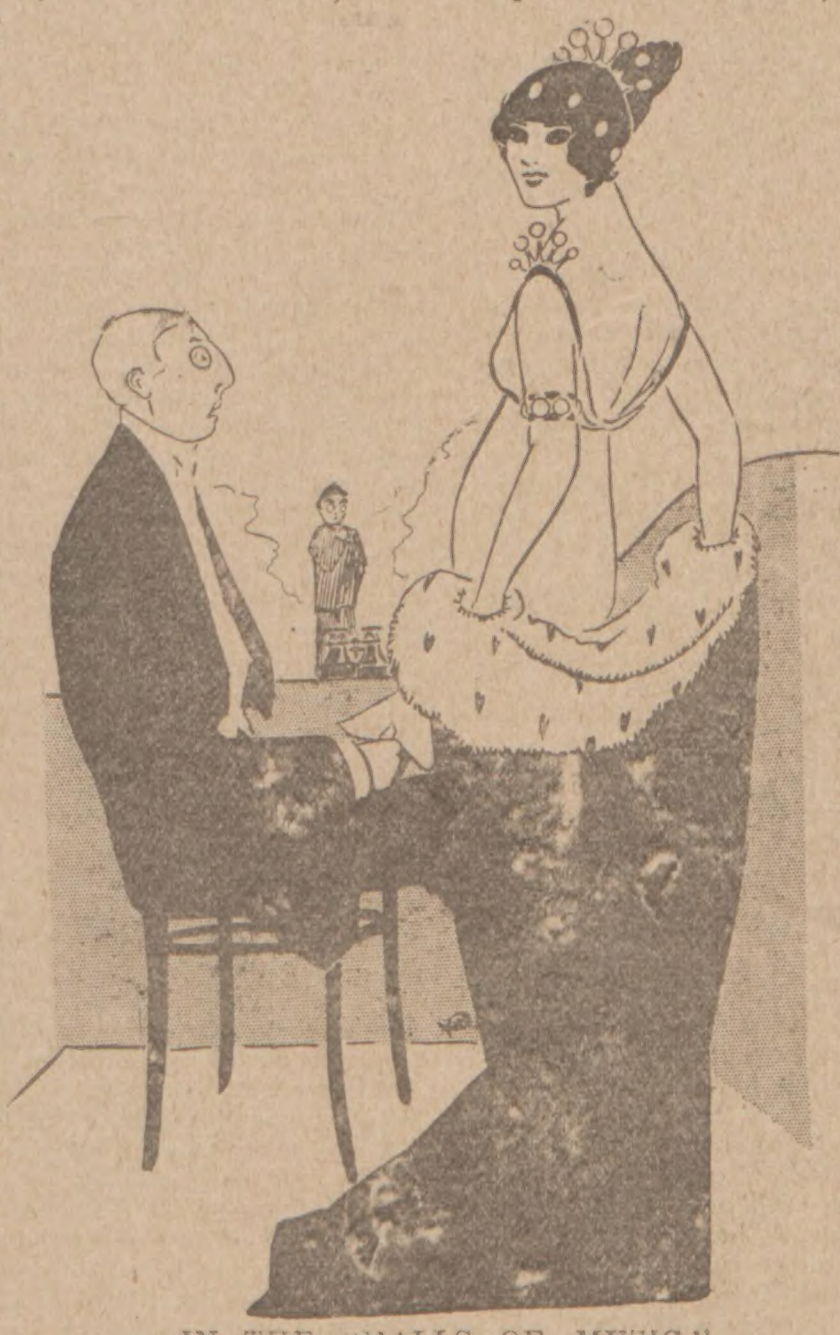
How long, it may be asked, is the traffic in old horses to be allowed to continue? It is a national disgrace, and though we may not be aware of the fact, the Belgian people, who take most of the wretched animals, have a poor opinion of us for exporting them. Regulations have been framed for making the voyage in the ship better, but the traffic ought to be prohibited altogether, and why the Government Department with this authority does not exercise it is a matter for general surprise. The business is in the hands of a few men of brutal instincts, men who do not care what cruelty they inflict so long as they make money, so nobody would be much injured by the prohibition.

* * *

How does the Crown Prince of Germany, that youth of blood and—fireworks, feel after the fearful wigging he received at the hands of Dr. Ludwig Frank in the Reichstag?

* * *

What were "The Terrible Irishman's" (P. O. Curran's) feelings when he came round after the two clicks that terminated the seven seconds' sparring with Sam Langford? Was his question of "Where am I?" answered? Wasn't Sam a little bit unfeeling to guffaw so loudly? And now, we should like to ask, will Carpentier hold to his challenge to the joyful black? We don't think!



IN THE "HALLS OF MUSIC."

He: Awfully stupid, what! I could do it easily myself

GHASTLY REALITY.

"Shall I be responsible to the ages by depriving them of anything they would be the better for hearing?"

Denzil Hampton stood at the door of Geoffrey's room and looked at his friend with his usual air of languid indifference.

"As you are already responsible for so much you may as well risk it," replied Geoffrey, looking up with a smile.

Hampton crossed the room, throwing his coat and hat upon a chair as he did so. He could not be called handsome, but there was something about him that at once distinguished him among his fellows. His eyes were grey, fringed with dark lashes. At the first glance they seemed to flash defiant satire and keen humour, but a second look arrested one's attention with the fact that a deeper feeling lurked hidden in their depths. His face was pale and clean-shaven. There was a droop about his mouth that might have been a sneer, but in brief moments seemed to soften into almost tenderness. It was this contradiction that gave the chief charm to his face.

"Come, Geoffrey!" he began, placing a well-shaped hand on his friend's shoulder. "I'm here to be sympathised with. Lay aside your work for the universe for the sake of the unit, and give me your attention!"

Geoffrey put down his pen, and leaning back in his chair, prepared to listen.

"I've been cheated out of a delightful sensation," continued Hampton. "In fact I've been doubly cheated. I had long resigned all hope of experiencing any sensation at all. I have been duped into believing I was still capable of one. Then I have been defrauded of the very apparent cause and effect of the supposed sensation."

"Evidently it is but a phantom you have lost!" remarked Geoffrey.

"And what could one lose that is better?" exclaimed Denzil. "Phantoms are the most beautiful things in life! Sometimes they fade into realities, and then the effect is ghastly, but when they are bright visions flitting somewhere beyond our reach, there is nothing more absolutely delightful! Geoffrey, I have been in love with love!"

"In love with love!" repeated Geoffrey, "and did it come within your reach and die at your touch?"

Denzil gave his friend a swift glance, then smiled.

"For six long, brief weeks," he continued, "I have existed in a beautiful dream. I will tell you how it came about. One night I was sitting in the stalls at Her Majesty's. I was glancing round the house as I usually do, when I happened to see a man seated in the box above me. I thought he looked a brute. His features were coarse and bloated, and he was horribly fat! I turned away to clear my vision and my eyes fell upon the woman seated next him. Never had I seen a face whose beauty so thrilled me. She was most divinely fair! As I gazed our eyes met, and I felt my heart beat with a strange new exaltation. At that moment I was recalled to earth by someone wishing to pass me on the way to his seat. It was fortunate, or otherwise I do not think I could have removed my eyes from the enchantment of those splendid dark ones. And to remain seated in a crowded theatre, with one's head thrown back, gazing at a beautiful woman, is hardly the position one would choose for the edification of the public and the delight of one's friends. I had only intended to stay till ten o'clock, but, needless to say, I saw the piece out. Since then I have been asked what I thought of it. I always said it was the finest production I had ever seen. It was 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and it came to me in a dream. It was a most delicious sensation. I neither heard nor saw it, but it formed a delightful, fantastic background for my romance. For, of course, one grew round my beautiful enchantress. The man at her side was her husband. She had married him before his chin was double and his eyes bloodshot. She had been expected to marry him, as he was what Society calls a good match. Her friends had shouted his praises till they deafened her, thrown the dust of his gold in her eyes till they blinded her. And he himself had stifled her heart with great gusts of what he dared to call love. So she married him. Then came the awakening, and the double chin. Oh! how I longed to go and throttle the brute! I dared not raise my eyes to the box again, for I feared the spell of those dark orbs.

"When the play was over and we politely shuffled and threaded our way out, I waited in the vestibule till she came. Once more our eyes met, and again that intoxicating thrill went through me. Her companion followed and stared as he passed. There was an insolent familiarity, a coarse leer, in his glance, that made me crush the rim of my opera hat, lest my fingers should grasp his throat!

"All this happened six weeks ago. Since then I have haunted the theatres, and every place where it was likely I might see her. Once or twice I did. I asked everyone I came across if they knew who she was. But no one could enlighten me. So six delightful weeks of blissful suspense and thrilling excitement went by. Then one evening I was at Her Majesty's again, and she was in the same box with the same man. Young Vere Curzon happened to come up to me, and I asked him if he knew who that beautiful fair woman was. His eyes followed mine to the box, and she bowed! Vere smiled, and bowed in response. I felt a cold shudder go through me, and a sickening sensation crept over my heart.

"'Do I know her?' I asked with a kind of dread.

"'Why, yes!' he replied, cheerfully. 'She's a connection of mine. Her name is Violet Bryden; awfully fine girl! Come and be introduced!'

"'Isn't she married?' I muttered.

"'No,' answered Vere, 'nor engaged either!'

"I gasped. 'Then that is not her husband?' Curzon looked at me. Then he threw back his head and shook with suppressed merriment.

"'Good heavens! no!' he exclaimed. 'That's her uncle. She's an orphan and lives with an aunt. But come along, man, and be introduced!'

"I snatched up my hat and groped my way out of the theatre. I never looked to see what Curzon thought or did. I walked into the street in a kind of trance. Then on, and on—whither, I neither knew nor cared. My dream was ended. My beautiful phantom had faded into crude reality. I could have followed Vere round, bowed before my goddess, and taken her hand. She, perhaps, would have smiled kindly upon me. We would have met and conversed in the ordinary conventional social manner. Oh! the profanation of the thought! There was absolutely nothing to prevent my laying an honourable love and admiration at her feet. She was free to accept, as I to give. I shuddered anew at Vere's cold-blooded murder of my charming romance—my six weeks' ideal—my new-found joy!

"It took me some time to recover from the shock, and even now I shun Her Majesty's and hardly dare look at a woman, lest those dark orbs should pierce my heart with the memory of their cruel deceiving!"

Geoffrey had listened to the story, watching the speaker with affectionate, amused regard, and now and again a reproachful smile.

"Denzil, Denzil!" he exclaimed, "what am I to believe? The love you were 'in love' with was certainly a phantom. It never existed save in your excited imagination!"

"Our strongest feelings always do exist in our imagination," responded Hampton.

"You never mean what you say, Denzil," said Geoffrey.

"As long as you don't accuse me of saying what I mean, I can forgive you," Hampton answered. He rose hurriedly and continued, "I must be off! I've an appointment at eight, and when I keep my appointments I am always punctually half an hour late. I shall be just in time!"

"Don't chase phantoms any more," said Geoffrey; "there is plenty of beauty that really exists, and you know it even better than most."

Denzil gave the smile in which tenderness and satire were so strangely mixed.

"I come here to get away from all that does exist!" he replied.

The next minute the door closed after him and Geoffrey heard him singing softly as he ran down the stairs.

Then the writer turned to his work and added more to the poem that was to be his masterpiece.

Edith Robarts.

We were attracted the other night by a headline in the "Evening Chuckles" which read "The Little White Bags," but were disappointed to find that it only referred to the bursting of some bags of coppers. However, our disappointment was partially appeased when we remembered that we had read it in the *Evening News* which, being one of Lord Northcliffe's papers, does not admit any vulgarity whatsoever.

OURSELVES AND THER PEOPLE.

re rather a young man to be left in charge of a s shop," said the fussy old gentleman. "Have you oma?"

—er—no, sir," replied the young man; "but we preparation of our own that's just as good."

* * *

A HERO.

er: "My great-grandfather carried that drum all the revolution."

r: "And whenever he sighted the enemy he beat it, e?"

* * *

often does your railway kill a man?" asked a travelling man of a Midland ticket inspector. once," replied the inspector.

* * *

nt to be a pirate when I grow up, Uncle Bob." I understand there's money in it. What do you pirate, books or plays?"

* * *

HIS WHIM.

h Waiter: "Which side of the table do you wish to ir"?

can Guest: "I prefer to sit on a chair."

* * *

"Is there any difference between a fort and a

Why, I should imagine that a fortress would be— er to silence."

HIDDEN GLORY.

Tout: "Step inside for one moment, sir! A large shipment of new shirts and ties just in!"

Bill: "Shirts and ties! Wot'd I be doin' with shirts and ties, an' me with a beard?"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

Mother: You should save your money, Willie. The price of everything is going up.

Willie: Then why save it, mamma? The longer I save it the less you can buy with it!—*Puck.*

He put every cent he had into an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show, and at the end of four weeks his treasurer, with £80 to the good, skipped out during the night. So he said to himself: "I'll catch the cuss," and set the bloodhounds they had in the show on his trail. "Catch him?" he said, in speaking of it later. "Sure they did. They caught up with him, and he put chains around their necks and started another show."—*Argonaut.*

* * *

ACCOMMODATING.

Muggins: Young Goldspoon has money to burn.

Guggins: That's why so many girls' mothers are trying to make a match for him, I suppose.—*Springfield Union.*

* * *

LA MODE.

Celeste: Gracious, monsieur! How is it that the less material used in my gown the more it costs?

Mons. Wurthe: Ah, madame, et is because of ze art to create ze illusion zat you are well groomed.—*Judge.*

* * *

ONE GIRL TO ANOTHER.

"I'm going to sell kisses at the charity bazaar. Do you think one dollar a kiss is too high?"

"Oh, no! People expect to be robbed at these charity affairs."—*New York Globe.*

* * *

DEFINED.

Bobby: Pa, what is Platonic love?

Bobby's Pa: Platonic love, my son, is what a man feels when he doesn't like a woman quite well enough to marry her.—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*

* * *

OF SLOW GROWTH.

Barefaced Junior: Yes, I'm trying to raise a moustache, and I'm wondering what colour it will be when it comes out.

Miss Green: Grey, I should say, at the rate it appears to be growing.—*Yale Record.*

* * *

I WOULD SUGGEST.

Crunch: A prominent French actress said that one should follow the "power of suggestion" in dress.

Hunch: There goes one up the street now. So-long!—*Stanford Chaparral.*

* * *

"I could give you much better jokes than those put in your paper," remarked the contributor disappointedly. "As a matter of fact I haven't seen a joke in your paper for weeks." "No," replied the editor, "but I can't do more than provide them."—*Manchester Guardian.*

INTERROGATIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

Mdlle. Genée says that the Tango as danced by the Californians is graceful and harmless, and they do not keep looking at their feet all the time. A great number of people we have seen careering around couldn't very well help it.

* * *

Is it not possible that two, if not three, big Turf disputes will find their way into the Courts very shortly?

* * *

The *Daily Sketch* suggests that as "numerous changes of costume seem to be the chief feature of the revue" a good title for one of these shows would be "On and Off." Might we suggest as an alternative "Not Of'en On"?

* *

A daily, reporting on the Sievier case, says, "The defendant agreed absolutely to withdraw all imputations upon the prosecutor . . and bath Mr. Dey and Mr. Sievier," etc. We trust he gave them a hot bath!

* *

Monotony is the root of all evil.

* *

The man who committed suicide by taking poison, cutting his throat and drowning himself, evidently believed that if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well.

* *

If you belong to the Legion of Honour you are immune from imprisonment. But if you offend the law and in danger of being imprisoned you are immune from the Legion of Honour. Seems a doubtful kind of blessing, doesn't it?

* *

Paris has decreed that *Le dernier cri* is to hold concerts in total darkness. It seems a very good plan if the exit doors don't scroop.

* *

There is every prospect that lecture halls in the near future will be crowded if politicians follow the lead of Mr. Macnamara and tell the stories of their lives in the form of lectures. So long as they only tell us stories and hide the horrid truths it won't matter so much!

* * *

The medical officers who said that children of five should be taught swimming was quite right. You can't begin too early to be "in the swim."

* * *

A very bad bird is the ptarmigan,
He does your inside all the pharmican,
He is often so tough
On your teeth it's quite rough,
And he'd better go back to the pfarmigan.

* * *

Is it true that a taxi-driver, not knowing Mrs. Asquith by sight, refused to take her to No. 10, Downing Street, being under the impression that she was a suffrag... And was not his impression correct?

* * *

"The truth about Camilla," by Gertrude Hall! ought to be worth reading, when one woman stars... tell the truth about another!

* * *

The territorials now have cards to hang on the ... with instructions as to what they are to do in the ... of mobilisation. Let us hope that this does not ... that at the critical moment they will "go to the wa...

* * *

By the bequest of a certain benevolent—but poss... misguided—old lady, students at Dartmouth are prov... with clotted cream twice a week. This, we suppose, ... them with the milk of human kindness.

*

A young lady mis... ary, according to a ... temporary, recently ... out to India attire... hygienic boots ... tume warranted to ... even that country ... bit, we should think.

*

Did the young ... really carry out ... threat of sending ... advertisement to one ... the dailies for an ... cial "hugger" to ... her warm during ... very cold weather? ... if so, was the re... that it was not publi... because the adver... ment manager took ... the joke and ap... for the situation?

*

A boy was asked ... Court the other day ... spell cat. "C-a-t," ... said the youngster—... a very good reply, ...

*

Honesty is the ... policy, when there is ... other alternative.

*

A rolling stone gat... no moss—and a ... stone never collects ...

*

Who was the lord... who handed bank-... to the tune of £300 ... his partner after ... dance at a night-... the other night?

*

Why did the picto... Press, in referring to ... application of the ... co-respondent in a fe... coming society divo... case, omit all refere... to the strictures pas... upon the portraits it ... printed? Fitted ... purposes, perhaps, but it evidently did not Fitzwillia...

* * *

What did "Mr. Gossip" of the *Daily Sketch* mean wh... commenting on the theatrical celebrities at the Three A... Ball, he wrote "Lady Tree was in scarlet, and Sir Geo... Alexander was also with his wife?

* * *

The colour question is up again. A young Indi... barrister, who married a white woman, has just be... refused membership of the bar mess attached to ... "swagger" circuit.

* * *

Why did the West-End clergyman, who has been ... prominent in the past, take such a long holiday abroa...

A NOVICE.

Wife: "I am not at all satisfied with your explanation about being out last night. I don't believe you were sitting with a sick friend."

Husband: "Oh, you must not be too hard on me, dear; we have only been married a few months, and I'll do better with more practice."

A Suggestion for Automobilious Babies.

at is the nature of the petition that some of the
ger Unionist members are sending to Winston
hill?

* * *

en is the Fulham "beauty" shop to be raided, and
as given information to the police?

* * *

w many German spies are there in England at
nt? When was that little census as to the number
oeing-smiths in the Eastern Counties complete?

* * *

ood story is related of the late Sir David Gill, the
nomer, who used to tell the anecdote against himself.
t he was newly-elected as president of the Institute of
e Engineers, he was invited to deliver a lecture to the
ers, but was at a loss for a subject. Finally he decided
eak on the advance made during those latter years in
ccuracy of astronomical observations, and pointed out
whereas, fifty years previously, one could only be
ate to a degree equivalent to considering a threepenny-
one mile's distance, one could now be exact to the
alency of measuring a threepenny-bit at one hundred
distance. At the dinner which followed the proposer
e toast to Sir David drily said, "There can now be no
is to our president's nationality, for no one but a
man would bother his head about a threepenny-bit a
ed miles away."

* * *

andsome sum in increment duty will have to be paid
e chief of a huge firm of universal providers in the West
Some years ago he bought for £35,000 a nice little
y estate with fine mansion, and recently has sold a
£80,000 to the Metropolitan Water Board. The
a and its residential amenities are unaffected, so the
r may be considered to have made an exceptionally good
tment, but somehow everything this business man
es seems to turn out well. But he deserves success.
an at the bottom of the ladder, and by his business
, integrity, and fair dealing, has reached the top
and incidentally made a huge fortune.

* * *

ily Chronicle in an article headed "Are Ladies'
us Immodest?" gives Miss Phyllis Dare's condemna-
of the prevailing fashions. But what wots Phyllis of
desty?

* * *

hear that one of the most literary of America's prose-
rs is having his portrait painted for the first time, and
probably the most famous portrait painter in the
Great secrecy is being observed in the work by both
and sitter, as they wish to surprise their many
n the opening-day at the Royal Academy this year.

There were over four hundred upsets in one day at the Cresta Run last week, and two titled people, Count Hurranduren and Princess Hohenlohe, were very much upset; the former with a dislocated shoulder and the Princess with a severe shaking. It is suggested that they be called in future, Count Hurrying-down and Princess High-and-Low.

* * *

Miss Marie Corelli, we hear, has composed a hymn. Evidently she has not been able to find one worthy of her in this world, so she has created a "him" of her own.

* * *

An obstinate subject—A tight nut with a small head; well "screwed."

* * *

Why did Lord Northcliffe relinquish his hold on the *Mirror?* Was it that he wished to devote all his energies to the successful rearing of his more literary baby, *Chuckles?*

* * *

Why has the barrister of Park Lane suddenly dashed off to Monte Carlo? Is there any truth in the anonymous letter that he received, and is his German wife really staying there under an assumed name, instead of visiting her parents at Munich?

* * *

What was the trouble at the Savoy a few days ago? Has the young Eurasian yet learned that courtesy should not be carried too far in England?

* * *

Does the strapping labourer who was journeying by motor-'bus down Marylebone Road last week realise the honour that was showered upon him by the plump but smartly dressed woman who sat opposite to him? After all, the distinct glad eye from a countess does not come into his usual day's work.

* * *

It is one of life's little ironies that public subscriptions should have been opened for that unfortunate and destitute lady, Miss Topsy Sinden, while poor Richard Green, the one-time famous baritone who fell upon hard times, but never begged, was allowed to drift down the stream to self-destruction.

A DREAM OF COVENT GARDEN.

"Dora, I adore you."

"That's very nice of you, Tom, but come off the floor or you'll spoil your pyjamas!"

TABLOID TOPICS.

"Kent Reeks," says a *Star* headline. What of? Hops?

* * *

"Baby Telephoned to Police" (Daily paper). The stork brings ours.

* * *

According to *Home Chat* alcohol will clean silves. Yes, and clean it out, too!

* * *

The Coal Strike—Hammering huge chunks of the mineral preparatory to breakfast.

* * *

"Why not kitchen libraries?" asks the *Star*. A good idea; we don't think it can be Beeton.

* * *

Harry Lauder has deserted us for the States. We now hear that the Tivoli is about to close down.

* * *

Globe headline: "London to Edinburgh for a shilling." M'Yes. We know certain Scotchmen who'd walk it.

* * *

"Army Canteen Contracts Prosecution," says a headline. Sounds a funny disease. We trust it isn't catching.

* * *

Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne says, "Browning, I think, is coming back." Well-browned probably. Now he'll tell us all about it.

* * *

At the Three Arts Club Ball Miss Lena Ashwell, in trousers *a la Turque*, appeared as Futurist Drama. The idea was a bloomer.

* * *

Burglars took a safe from a "lighted jeweller's shop," says a newspaper. Now the jeweller sees the folly of making a bonfire of himself.

* * *

De Biere has been presenting his bewildering illusions at the various London music-halls. But is is nothing unusual for people to get bewildering illusions from "de beer."

* * *

Andrew Goodship, an old-age pensioner and therefore a septuagenarian, has recently married—for the fifth time. This Goodship has established a fame as a marryin' her.

* * *

It is thought worthy of record that a bride and bridegroom motored to the ceremony. More to the point would have been the style of bonnet adopted by the lady's car.

* * *

Cupid Nelson Freeman, recently married at Tarrytown, New York, spent the last shilling he possessed on the wedding licence. Now, of course, he will be only nominally a freeman.

* * *

Under the heading "Table Talk," the *Evening Standard* asks, "Can you say the alphabet backwards?" No! and we wouldn't if we could at meals. It might interfere with our digestion.

* * *

The new spring hats for ladies, say a West End expert, will be microscopical in size. By looking through them you will probably be able to form a correct estimate of the quantity of other raiment worn.

* * *

The Halifax Guardians have ordered a man to contribute towards the maintenance of his mother, who died forty-two years ago. Well, we had often wondered if there was anything in that "Hull, Hell and Halifax" gag.

* * *

According to the *Daily News* the appeal against sentence of imprisonment instituted by Mr. Cresswell, the Johannesburg M.P., was on the ground that "the magistrate wrongly claimed ability to administer *marital* law." Many men, not magistrates, go to court with an entirely erroneous idea of their ability in this respect.

* * *

To the making by newsmongers of Royal and aristocratic child-marvels there is no end. A little daughter of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg has been awarded a gold medal for saving her sister from a watery grave. The children were bathing. A Bath bun would have been a more suitable acknowledgment. The kid can't eat a medal.

The lay head of the community—the one who [illegible] most.

* * *

"Century by Bird" is a daily's headline. No co[illegible] with ducks' eggs.

* * *

Someone writes to the *Globe* asking: "Why are the poor?" Obviously because the rich are so rich.

* * *

"A Cabinet Minister's full-dress uniform" is in logue of a West-End sale. No Irish need apply.

* * *

The *Evening Standard* heads a paragraph: "Ch[illegible] in a dispute." What a row there must have been.

* * *

The Spectator: "We owe language almost enti[illegible] imagination." Also to beer and bare feet and tin t[illegible]

* * *

During "Wattle" Day in the Strand one frequently h[illegible] that grand old Australian war-cry, "Wattle ye have?"

* * *

We noticed a heading the other day, "Civil Servant[illegible] for Trial." But it is the uncivil servants that are greatest trial to us.

* * *

"£1,000 for water-bottle Burns." Singular The Scottish bard has been generally credited with ing the whisky bottle.

* * *

From the *Globe*: "Thieves extracted the morning['s] from a box at Kingsway House. They will be s[illegible] *Globe* next." What on earth for?

* * *

"Touchless Tango in the States" (Evening paper). we are told, must be danced "two feet apart." sounds something like the "splits."

* * *

A Rochdale labourer has spent twenty-four years in operation of carving with a penknife a model of Col[illegible] Cathedral. The result is very rechurchy.

* * *

An express train travelling from Nice to Moscow last week, beaten by an eagle which raced it over a dista[illegible] of 18 miles. Snails could beat some of ours.

* * *

The Llanelly Board of Guardians have abandoned t[illegible] efforts to induce an aged dame of 70 to leave her log-c[illegible] and enter the workhouse. A case of "I wouldn't leave little wooden hut for you."

* * *

Mr. Wm. McDougall stated at the Royal Institution some savages have better brains than many of our pres[illegible] day undergraduates. We have also heard that in the [illegible] 1714 a certain interesting lady died.

* * *

From the *Star*, January 19th, Stop Press column: inquest on Scotch Dolly the *jury jury returney* a verdi[illegible] manslaughter against some *peeson* unknown." Me likee vellee muchee be Sclotchee Dollee.

* * *

Asked as to whether he had any designs in the direc[illegible] of acquiring the London Opera House, Mr. Raymond H[illegible] gave a dubious reply, finishing up with "I hate to m[illegible] things public at this stage." He will, no doubt, be fu[illegible] publicity when he is at the Kingsway Stage.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Owing to a growing practice among alleged artist[illegible] copying drawings which have appeared in this journal, find it necessary to state that—with the exceptio[illegible] pictures which may appear on our page of contem[illegible] humour, the source of which is always acknowledg[illegible] the illustrations in MODERN LIFE are original drawn specially for this paper. Copyists who persis[illegible] transgressing the laws of copyright do so at their own r[illegible] The originals of sketches which have appeared in t[illegible] pages are for sale. Prices on application to the Edito[illegible]

"COME AND GET WARM."

…n always has faith in the judgment of any man … her to marry him.

* * *

…e yourself as you do your neighbour and see how far … get.

* * *

…e are more ways of spending money than there are of …g it.

* * *

… awfully hard for a girl with a pretty ankle to keep … hoe laces tied.

A man's conceit looks suspiciously like wisdom—from his point of view.

* * *

Perhaps the reason a mother expects her son to become a great man is because his father isn't.

* * *

A woman has one big advantage over a man; she can improve her looks.

* * *

If a girl is inclined to be a blonde she will be in spite of everything.

IN STAGELAND.

I regret very much to hear from Eli Hudson that Mrs. Hudson (Olga of the trio) is rather severely indisposed. She is putting up a brave struggle to keep the whole wonderful spirit of the ensemble up to its full value by appearing against medical advice. I do hope that she may not suffer, physically, from her spartan self-denial, as this is just the one act above all others that first taught, and is still teaching, Variety to respect itself thoroughly, from a musical point of view. Anything to disturb the influence of these missionaries of refinement would be a matter for the very deepest regret. Most fortunately the indications are not unfavourable, that Mrs. Hudson may soon be in her usual first-rate health.

* * *

"Within the Law," at the Haymarket, achieved its 300th performance last Thursday. Frequently one wonders at the reason for the continued attraction of productions; problem, simple and musical. It is rarely, however, that one may find beauty, brains, no bathos; a little acute, genuine pathos—ringing powerfully true every time—and the larger element of broad, intelligent humour, with an enthralling plot forming the basis for as delicate and charming a theatrical construction as has pleased our senses this successful theatrical season, all of which is very adjectival but very true.

* *

Never since "Ready Money"—with which "Within the Law" has quite a deal in common, by the way—have we had such a wealth of original dramatic ideas of quality. For instance, Joe Garson's telephoning to his accomplices from the inside of a burgled house by tapping in Morse code on the mouthpiece, the smashing of the vase and the murder of the informer by Maxim silencer attachment to a heavy-bore revolver, and the quaint ugliness of the criminally-inclined Aggie Lynch's terrible cockney accent, contrasting with her vivid beauty and wonderful gowns. In this character Miss Mabel Russell gets rid of some of the most surprising and richly-humorous inelegancies with a *flair* I have never previously seen equalled—an exquisite performance. Miss Edyth Goodall's intellectual restraint, as the legal criminal Within the Law, is a polished and satisfying study.

*

Frederick Ross, as "Edward Gilders," the harsh employer, who makes criminals and justifies himself every time—the wealthy constructor of fortunes and destroyer of morals, gives us a further adequate idea of the reason that made him so outstandingly the attraction of "The Yellow Jacket's" success recently at the Duke of York's. There is not a feature one would eliminate—not a feature one would alter. The use of moderation and reserve should be the critic's first cultivation, but isn't this as near as possible somewhere about the definition of 'Perfection"? It helps explain things to remember that Sir Herbert Tree produced personally. I hope that after two hundred more performances here it may be taken to help educate the Americans to a higher dramatic plane of thought.

Little Arthur: "Wot's the plural of sugar, Morde?"
Maude: "Lumps, o' course, you little L'ignoramus."

A remark, overheard at the Criterion, by an exp Young Theatrical Light:—

E.Y.T.L. (with reference to another E.Y.T.L. claims that the sheen of her magnificent to frequent bathing with champagne!"

Mother (lacon): "Should have thought eggs enough!"

* * *

This question of the use of provisions in place moro usual hair-dresser's adjuncts is distinctly ing. I must confess, however, that the former held the greatest fascination for me. Personally, that the effect of Perrier Jouet, 1904, applied at intervals has a pliable effect on the toe-nails me!), which renders one's chiropody a much more matter than can possibly be the case with those people who use only water for their pedal ablutions.

* * *

There was somewhat of a fringe-fighting discernible among the Palladium's audiences A little differ moro unusual This was sparring trainers twice Be that as it is certainly a sation at a Palladium's be addressed stage by whose periences ably quite whose taste trionic sense severely the effect these are only tion spars ment from ence, please! is consummate lence that ver might for us if continuing, mediocre self, I prove of both glove-fight, tion and their proper

*

don Opinion us, apropos to the the Prince was present ray's Club

night recently, that "young Prince George of supped with one of our prettiest young night the Prince of Wales was alleged to have You here see just how these stories arise." a journalist who is obviously possessed of knowledge which is such a dangerous thing, bearing in mind a certain very happy and successful party for young people, is of the opinion that Miss Glynne is the "prettiest young actress" referred to he note, however, that Miss Glynne and her of the opinion that "Wendy" is still young render the question of her use of night clubs escorted by a prince—a fevered vision of distortion? These pretty fictions pander pleasantly prosaic citizen's love of romanticism, but it is cricket, from the discussed personage's point of

W. R.

Teacher: "How do you define a half circle, Tommy?"
Tommy: "Please, sir, a straight line caught be

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 39.

The Romance of Nancy Parsons and the Duke of Grafton.

Duke of Grafton, the oldest equerry of royalty in ... lies dangerously ill as we write, and as His Grace ...on his sick-bed, we wonder if his mind goes back to ...ty years ago to that Duke of Grafton who loved a ...r's daughter, not wisely but too well. Crowns and ...ts have ever proved a poor foil against Cupid's darts, ...e passion of the second Duke of Grafton and Nancy ...sons was played without shame or reproach before the ... of the whole world. This second Duke of Grafton was ...half-wit ... and degenerate offspring of a coddled race. ... Prime Minister of England, and, like all the ...ndants of the Stuarts, a very smart fellow. It is the ...ggest irony which genealogical records afford that all ...bar-sinister descendants of our Stuart Kings are men ...eal merit. The Dukes of Richmond (of whom his present ...e is, perhaps, the least distinguished, although, like ...r one of the previous dukes of his line, he has served ...ntry with honour in her wars), showed the pigments ...h came from the Merry Monarch and the artful and ...rupulous Louise de Querouaille. Nor are the Dukes of ... Charles II. and Bab Villiers and the present Duke ... of our dukes who as a general in the Army. ... for his country in the Crimea, and thus ... reputation of his family for energy and ... vivacious, and love-distraught Nancy Parsons has a ...e of its own amongst the love affairs of the great. For ...e did not die till 1814, and though the present venerable ...e therefore never knew her, her name must have been ...amiliar to him all the days of his youth as the name of ...own mother!

* * *

Early Years of Nancy Parsons.

...e story of Nance Parsons is that of a woman who would ...leave the man she loved alone. Her tricks to frustrate ...Duke's ... efforts to "settle down," and be a decent hus... and father, read almost like fiction. Never, in fact, ...the axiom that "truth is stranger than fiction" more ...derfully illustrated than in this story. Nance Parsons ...e into the world the daughter of a tailor of Bond Street. ...father was a good man at his trade, and "made money." ...ghter possessed a long and graceful Roman nose, ... eyes, fair fluffy hair, and the most delicate milk... ...upon which lay a colour of such richness that ...ss seemed to fade by comparison. By the time ... was fifteen the young bucks who patronised her ... were wont to rave about her, and old Tom ...decided that Nance had better go abroad for a bit ... "knew too much." So off to Paris Tom popped ...ly daughter, and by the time she returned she had ...embarked upon that wonderful career which proved ... of pathos as of madness and love.

* * *

...'s First Matrimonial Adventure.

...Paris Nance met a man who called himself the Baron ...nothing or other, and, being a giddy young fool, she ...soon married to him. When, however, she discovered ...he was but a sham baron—they had 'em, you see, even ...ose days!—she handed her blackguardly husband over ...his creditors and came home. Nance had not been long ...on before a Mr. Horton fell violently in love with ...and before you could say "Jack Robinson" she was ...rs. Horton," and off to Jamaica, where her new husband ...a rich planter. When she arrived, the natives fell down ...worship at her lustrous beauty, the while they shovelled ...mountain of packages and portmanteaus into their bul... ...carts. For a few weeks Nance did the "Queen" in ...maica, and, of course, found a "romance" awaiting her ...the person of a young planter with a nice, secluded little ...allow all on his own up in the hills. Nance Horton very ...found herself a prisoner in the house of her husband in ...gston, ... half a company of coolies to keep watch ... over her, and to see that she did not escape. ...Horton knew quite well that once she got out of his ...hes he would never see her again. And his surmise was ...l-founded. How Nance bribed a coolie to engage one ...to take her with her husband to one port, and, while ...Horton was waiting her arrival on the deck of the ship, ...was gaily sailing away from another port in another ship ...ne of the funniest stories ever told in the West Indies!

The Arrival of the Duke of Grafton.

So once again we find Nance Parsons doing the hoity-toity in London town. She had left blood upon the soil of Jamaica (for Mr. Horton had had to fight at least one serious duel over her), and now she was to achieve greater conquests and more blood at home. Her first serious admirer was the Duke of Queensberry, then Lord March, but her first visitor of a morning was invariably that Lord Littleton who built Hagley Hall. But Nance's beau ideal was Charles I.'s handsome young grandson, the second Duke of Grafton! Already the young Duke had become a power in the state. Married young to a gambling, hot-tempered virago, the Duke soon deserted her for the sweeter charms of gentle Nance Parsons, who, for all her menial birth and amorous nature, was full of softness, warmth, and the milk of human kindness, and when the Duke exchanged his poisoned home for the soft glow of Nance's haven of refuge his happiness was complete. For a few months their relations were kept free from the gaze of the world.

Then the Duke gave up the struggle against publicity. For him there was no happiness save in the company of Nancy Parsons, and the night came when, as Queen Charlotte walked into her box at the Opera, the first face that met her gaze was that of Nance Parsons, in the same box with the Queen's remote cousin, Grafton. Charlotte of Mecklenburg was a staid old woman, whom no breath of scandal had ever touched. She knew of Grafton's little love-affair, of course, but never did Her Majesty think that her husband's Prime Minister would have the temerity to flaunt his "fancy lass" in the full glare of the public!

* * *

Nancy as a Fashionable London Hostess.

But the Queen's frowns mattered little to the Duke, so long as he was happy. From that hour Nancy Parsons was installed as chatelaine in both his mansions. Wherever the Duke went, Nancy went with him. At his town houses in Grosvenor Square and Bond Street she presided at all his receptions, and did all the honours so gracefully that at last the whole world sympathised with the Duke and pitied him in not being able to make Nancy his wife. Her unfortunate past, however, precluded this, but the Duke and Nance were ideally happy. The Duchess of Grafton, who was the only daughter of Lord Ravensworth, sued for divorce, and none was more pleased at her success than her husband. The Duke and Duchess finally parted for ever, she with an allowance of £3,000, and the custody of the children, and for some years the Duke and Nancy Parsons played conspicuous parts in the society of their time. But Nancy was one of those amorous women whom nothing could keep straight!

* * *

A Nasty Trick to Play upon His Grace.

To his intense chagrin and despair the Duke one day discovered Nancy in a liaison with a young guardsman, and very soon more blood was to flow. The Duke having "laid out" his rival, followed the precedent of Mr. Horton, and endeavoured to make a prisoner of Nancy. The end of this affair was as comic as Nancy's imprisonment in Jamaica. With the aid of a skilful serving-maid, named Dinah Davis, Nancy secured the companionship of a young man of soft and feminine appearance. He was introduced into the Duke's house as a "companion," and given a room next to Nancy's. Nancy Parsons was soon a "changed woman." So delighted did she appear at the "companionship" of the new "lady friend" that all her old flightiness was quickly forgotten, and, when Nancy took a villa at Kew, and invited the Duke to pay her a visit his Grace cordially assented, and for some weeks lived under the same roof as Nancy and her new paramour, the gentleman with petticoats.

The end of that story came one night when His Grace mistook his room, and endeavoured to mistake the "lady friend" for Nancy! The Duke's disillusionment was, of course, the butt of all the wits of the early part of the eighteenth century, and it nearly caused the break that seemed inevitable!

* * *

The Parting of Nancy and the Duke.

Nancy, however, for all her peccadilloes, was madly in love with the Duke (some women are like that!). But the Duke had had enough of Nancy! His proud spirit fired at the ugly trick that had been played upon him, and it was the

parting of the ways. Ere long the Duke banished her to Paris, with a pension of £500 a year. The Duke now determined to settle down. He had had four children by his first wife and he still longed for the matrimonial yoke. Nancy in Paris spent her days in weeping at her exile, for her heart was with the Duke all the time. One of her letters is still extant. It says, "Though my pride won't permit me to sue you for the recovery of a heart long since detached from me, yet may God suffer me the poor consolation to live in the same kingdom with you. Grant me a short respite from your rigid resolution, during which allow me the indulgence to wish, and the hope to receive, from you the softer delights of friendship, and do not at once overwhelm me with all the reproach of positive and neglected separation!" In another place she says, "You inform me at the close of your last letter that you are speedily entering into chaster connections: to this I remain resigned; and may your future lady love like me, but never merit such returns. May every hour of yours be heightened by pleasure and prosperity, and may the happiness of your domestic characters keep pace with your public one. So prays your unfortunate and discarded Nancy Parsons."

* * *

Nancy still plays Tricks upon the Duke.

But Nancy Parsons was still the artful schemer, in spite of her plaintive appearance at resignation.

Upon hearing of the Duke's engagement to the daughter of a country clergyman, she returned to England, dressed herself in a simple grogram gown, such as was then worn by charwomen, went to the house of the Duke's fiancée, and sought an interview with the lady's father. When the old parson appeared Nancy assumed an air of appropriate contrition, but said she had come in response to what she conceived her duty to a fellow member of the weaker sex. With consummate craft she told how the Duke had taken advantage of her menial position to place her in an "interesting condition," and that he had then turned her from his door. The father of the Duke's fiancée was so outraged at the story of the Duke's perfidy that he instantly broke off his daughter's engagement, and the poor young lady, who had lived for weeks in a glorious dream of silks and satins and diamonds and pearls, was left a broken-hearted wallflower for the rest of her life.

* * *

Nancy Parsons "getting her own back."

When the Duke discovered the trick that Nance had played upon him, he gave up trying to stand against her wonderful arts, and, sending her a cheque for five thousand pounds, requested her to return to him! Full of happiness Nancy once more found herself ensconced beneath the Duke's roof. But the parting was again inevitable! The day had passed when the Duke and Nancy could "harmonise." They had too many skeletons in their cupboard; and every little tiff brought them forth uglier than ever! The Duke at last sent Nancy again into exile, and engaged himself to the daughter of a baronet. Nancy at once proceeded to pursue the baronet with anonymous letters, full of subtle lies, until another innocent damsel was left to be a laughing-stock as long as she lived! The next time the Duke got engaged, Nancy turned up at the lady's house in the garb of a Doctor of Divinity, and, having trounced the Duke for a rake and a gambler, succeeded in causing the lady to break off her engagement with the Duke, and to agree to marry the "Doctor" himself!

But Nancy's game could not last for ever, and one fine day the Duke stood at the altar with a daughter of a Dean of Worcester, by whom he quickly proceeded to lay up heirs to the duke's coronet. Thirteen children were born of this second marriage, and Nancy Parsons went out of the Duke's life for ever. Her subsequent adventures were not less amazing than those as the inamorata of the second Duke of Gratton.

IMAGINATION.

"Now," said the stage-manager, "you are the heroine. You are supposed to suffer more than anybody else in the play. You must put yourself into a frame of mind which represents grief and remorse."

"I know," replied the leading woman. "I'll try to make myself believe I'm one of the people who paid two dollars to see the play."—*The Globe.*

* * *

DIPLOMATIC MOVE.

"What makes you so anxious to send Three-finger Sam to the Legislature? He isn't so very popular."

"No. We citizens of Crimson Gulch figured that it would be a great savin' to the general community to get a poker-player like Sam located somewheres else."—*Washington Star.*

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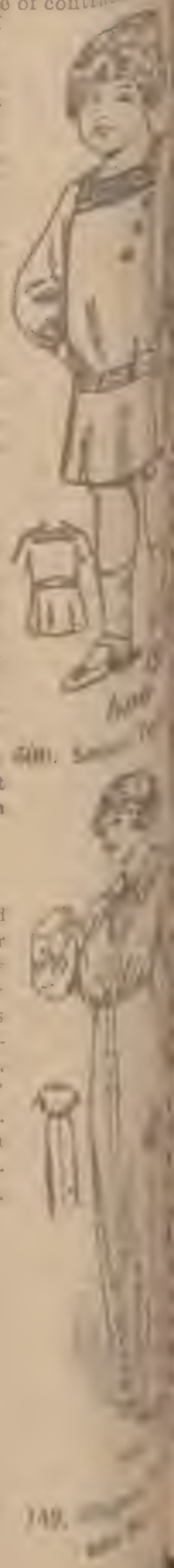

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ODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

oom in sport just now is for boxing, and pro- all over the country are wrestling with one another up the big stars for these ventures. There is big for all the top-sawyers of the profession, and fine s left over for the smaller planets. Of course at the e meeting of Bombardier Wells and Bandsman the Palladium on March 3rd is the biggest attrac- t plenty of other contests are going to draw full

CONTESTS, PROSPECTIVE

test is that between Paul Til, the French eight champion, and Kid Lewis, the holder of the e belt at that weight and the successor to Jim in this country. They meet at Premierland on and the winner will be entitled to add the European is other honours. It should be a rousing bout, but can do the weight he should win. His punch is e that of a heavyweight, and he is so quick and at even Jim Driscoll would have to be at his best him.

AND PAST.

Jones of Porth, the latest Welsh wonder, carried off adale flyweight belt from Bill Ladbury, the holder, ional last Monday by virtue of a fine straight left, not imagine the Porth blacksmith will hold it long. likely to pass into the bantam-weight class before season is with us, and then Billy Beynon, Digger and the rest will have to be at their best to keep of their preserves.

WELLS'S VICTORIES.

ing back to the Bombardier, who so beat Gunner Rawles at Belfast, and fol- up by knocking out Gaston Pigot, the nchman, at Cardiff last Saturday, it is at he had to take on Pigot with his left owing to an accident to his right against Pigot did not know that, but at any ells hit him so hard with the left that the he landed with the right was only by a makeweight. Billy still confessed ousness before the fight but I must say look nervous in the ring.

by the way, was in the French railway and got a rap on the jaw from the head low passenger. He had three hours' in a snow-covered hole while the injured were taken out of the wreck. it did not affect his chances, and also at the first word of the count he heard Mr. Murray, the referee, counted four seconds in English, and went on French numerals cinq, six, sept, huit. raised his hand at the tenth, signify- out. Pigot was semi-dazed would inevitably have been Now Wells has to meet Blake back on top, and he badly wants with Georges Carpentier.

AND HIS RIVALS.

champion, who boxed an s with Adrian Hogan, the t, called forth murmurs the National on Monday. flexibility were suggestive No! panther is the word. It was cribe his rush at Wells. Having exhibition last Monday I really begin r if any white man can beat the French esent condition.

how will Sam Langford get down lbs. to box Carpentier? I don't think He looked positively hog fat on when he boxed two rounds with the Bob Armstrong, and two with George the Australian coloured middleweight. I e wrong, but Langford looked all 13½ st. lack made short work of P. O. Curran in their match, but Curran did not look fit. It was the first time the ex-sailor had been knocked out, and Langford seemed as surprised and amused as the annoyed spectators. This is rather a lot of boxing, but I could go on, and tell stories of Fred Dyer, Jim Driscoll, and Jimmy Wilde as told in Cardiff last Saturday night, but must hold them over, as there are other things in sport besides boxing.

THE CUP SECOND ROUND.

This (Saturday) afternoon the second round matches in the English Cup competition will be decided. Thirty-two clubs will battle for the right of entry into the third round. Needless to say confidence is the keynote of every side; without it little chance of success could be hoped for. Should the weather keep mild records in the way of attendances will assuredly happen, although the figures of the first round are not likely to be exceeded. Thirty-nine games had to be played before the round was complete, and those games attracted 666,850 spectators and the gate receipts amounted to £24,342. This is an eloquent testimony to the popularity of the English Cup, and to-day thousands of enthusiasts will travel or have travelled hundreds of miles to see their team play.

Undoubtedly the best game of the series is that at Burnden Park, where Bolton Wanderers and Swindon meet. It will be remembered that Swindon defeated Manchester United by a goal, scored with almost the last kick of the match by Fleming. Bolton on their own grounds are every bit as good as Manchester, but their football is of a different type. Whereas Manchester exploit the scientific game the Wanderers go in more for dash, which is more successful in Cup-ties. As Swindon play the same kind of football, a great game should be seen, and if the Southerners can force a replay, it will indeed be a great performance. By the way, Fleming is a doubtful starter. The injury he received in the Trial game at Sunderland has proved troublesome and the muscles of his leg are still very stiff.

REAL WORK.

Quizzer: "Pray, my man, how is it an able-bodied man like you prefers to beg rather than work?"

Toucher: "Lummo, guvnor! You don't think I objects ter work, does yer? Why, I likes work, but wot I *does* object ter is th' trouble of looking fer it!"

Both last year's finalists, Aston Villa and Sunderland, should get through, although the tasks set them are by no means easy. The league leaders, Blackburn Rovers, appear to have an easy task against Bury at Ewood Park. Manchester City, having defeated the Spurs last week in the League, will naturally feel confident that they can again beat the Londoners Whether they can remains to be seen.

London has only two matches, but those two are good ones. West Ham and Crystal Palace will appeal to most owing to the fact that they operate in the same league, and moreover are great rivals. Visits of the Palace to Boleyn Castle invariably end in their favour, and they have not suffered defeat on that enclosure during the past five years. Will West Ham succeed in breaking that record?

Millwall and Bradford City, two clubs with a great Cup-fighting past, meet at New Cross. Both sides play typical Cup football, and the forwards on each side are all young players with the exception of the evergreen Dicky Bond, and even he can still give a start to a good many. A tear-away game will be seen and the side which has the luck will get through. Clapton Orient, the side with what is generally recognised as the best defence in the Second League, visit Brighton, who have also a great rearguard. Goals will be scarce, and in all probability one will decide the issue.

VARSITY SOCCER

The Oxford and Cambridge soccer match of late years has fallen rather flat. There is no gainsaying the fact that the split has caused a big slump in first-class amateur football, and the 'Varsities have perhaps suffered more than any other sides. They have not been able to get opponents worthy of their steel, and their own play has deteriorated in consequence. I have not been able to see either Oxford or Cambridge this year, but I am told that both sides are bad ones. Cambridge have rather the better team owing to the extra cleverness of their forward line, in which the Indian, Hegazi, stands out head and shoulders above the others. M. Woosnam, the centre half, is about the best player in either side. Oxford are strongest at half back, where C. D. McIver, H. G. Howell-Jones, and K. C. Raikes form a very fine line. It very often turns out a fine match at Queen's Club, and this year the Cantabs are decided favourites.

RUGBY.

Second only to the defeat of Wales by England is the defeat of Cardiff by Blackheath, and this year the Heathens have won both matches. Pillman, who scored the try which enabled England to defeat Wales, also had a big hand in Blackheath's victory. Pillman is certainly the man of the year, and is certainly the greatest asset to any English side when playing against a Welsh fifteen. They don't know what he is going to do next, and how to stop him. Cardiff, who were without Clem Lewis, were generally beaten for speed.

CRICKET TOPICS.

The English cricketers in South Africa are going on from success to success, and it almost appears now that they will finish the tour without experiencing defeat. Their latest victory over the Orange Free State was about the easiest of the lot. M. C. Bird knocked up a couple of hundred, the highest individual score of the tour, and Hearne also exceeded three figures in a total of 565 for eight wickets. Against this the Free State were put out for 117 and 74 and Barnes in the match took thirteen wickets for 79 runs, and incidentally in getting Steytler in the second innings secured his hundredth wicket of the tour.

All congratulations to Tom Hayward on his recent marriage to Miss M. E. Mitchell, the famous lady detective. In the past Mrs. Hayward has had a hand in severing the marriage tie on more than one occasion. She has been chief detective at Selfridge's, and has worked for the South Western Railway and the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons She says that she is done with divorce now, and is very proud of her popular cricketer husband. Tom is one of the very quiet men in the game, and possesses the enthusiasm of a boy for the sport. He says he is going to retire after next season from county cricket, but I don't think it is in him to do so while the fascination of knocking up hundreds against all sorts of bowling remains so strong. Tom Hayward when he first played for Surrey was looked upon more as a bowler than a batsman. He was one of the first of those to take the corkscrew run from behind the umpire, and Charlie Hands once in a cricket report for the *Daily Mail* described him as hiding behind the sawdust and taking cover behind the umpire before finally delivering the ball. W. G. Grace, C. B. Fry, Ranji, Tom Hayward, Abel were for years the leading scorers in county cricket, and although Fry plays occasionally Tom is the only one in the crowd with a regular place in county cricket, and we can spare him just yet.

HOCKEY.

The Hockey Association at their meeting last week decided that they could not raise a strong enough team to play successfully in New Zealand this year and have therefore postponed their proposed visit for another twelve months. They have, however, decided to send a team to the Municipal Ground, Brighton, next Whitsun, of course on the understanding that no money or medals will be played for. Trophies are to be given. To the Hockey Association something like a red rag to a bull is what a red flag is before the eyes of an infuriated bull.

SCULLING.

William Albany, the Lea sculler, says that unless Barry, the champion, has not agreed to a match within a week or so aside he shall claim the Championship. Barry says that he will not scull for less than £500 and moreover says that Albany, although the Australian champion, was the first man to challenge him and therefore has first right to a match. We shall hear some interesting developments in this matter before the coming season is far advanced.

HENDON FLYING.

Never has a year opened so auspiciously for aviation as the present one, and particularly is this noticeable at Hendon where already, since January 1st, many interesting events, including speed races and cross-country contests, say nothing of remarkable exhibition flights and passenger demonstrations, have been witnessed by large numbers of spectators, greatly in excess of the corresponding days of previous years.

The coming spring and summer seasons promise events of exceptional interest. Among the more important fixtures to be contested at Hendon may be mentioned a Paris to Paris and Back race in one day, the Aerial Derby round London, a Six Days' International Air Contest, another Brighton-Hendon Race, the initial contest of which proved exceedingly popular last year at all places on the route the competitors flew between the Aerodrome and the Coast. The dates of these events will be shortly announced.

In spite of the wretched weather flying races are being held every Saturday, and exhibition and passenger flights every Thursday and Sunday afternoon.

THE CHIEL AMONG

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries in this column.

J. K. L. (Southend).—Your suggestions to hand, but we have on our summer programme for a few weeks yet.

Charlie W. (Clapton).—It has been said that Woodbines by ounce cost more than ordinary "ten for threepenny" cigarettes, but carried out (in the composing room) for a wager it was not so.

V. L. (Bedford).—A line to Messrs. Foyle, the booksellers, Cross Road, will bring you a catalogue of books on the subject "Modern Life."

Provincial (Ripon).—Should not advise you to come south. The London are not paved with gold. They are not even paved.

C. J. (Plaistow).—The only criticism of your sketches we can repetition of the old stage gag: 1st Comedian: 'This is my 2nd Comedian: "Um. The knees have come out well haven't

F. P. (Kensington).—If you look in the dictionary you will find defined thus: Trousers, pantaloons. Look up "pantaloons" ceive: Pantaloons, trousers. Enlightening, isn't it?

G. C. (Carlisle).—Shades of Ireland! Cut out the Carson stuff. You must have just wakened up.

P. Doubleyou (Derby).—As erroneously stated in your Henry Irving didn't die at Wolverhampton. He died in Hotel, Bradford.

G. R. (Dalston).—All the originals of drawings which have "Modern Life" are for sale. Prices on application by stamped envelope.

W. F. (Earlsfield).—Much as we would like to, we regret journalistic etiquette to do so.

Harry G. (Ontario, Canada).—Many thanks for good wishes hope that there are several "Modern Lifers" in that city.

J. C. (Manchester).—Sadly afraid that if we did give you opinion about your story, our printers would refuse to print.

Electra (Batley).—Such is life! You ought to be thankful that you get out of it so easily.

Sam (Bury).—Our natural modesty forbids it.

C. B. (Huddersfield).—You're like the man who was so slow position he was fitted for was to take moving pictures of

E. M. (Romford).—Your query is not simply cheek, but abundance. We decline to reply, even though you sent a thousand envelopes.

Doubtful (Heaton, Newcastle).—The Editor personally sent in. You may therefore be sure of fair consideration.

B. J. (Grantham).—Write to one of the party organs. outside our sphere.

...OMELY HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

...th acknowledgments to many of the Northcliffe Weeklies.)

...We do not offer 2/6 for each similar brain-wave ...ed to us by our readers.]

...ang a Picture.

...lect the portion of the wall which the picture is about ...(where the wall-paper is torn for preference). ...re a suitable nail and a hammer (a poker or a flat-...will answer the purpose almost as well). Press the ...nail against the wall and direct the hammer ...of the nail, first removing your thumb. ...several times, but make sure that it does ...ng to one of your fingers. The picture is now ...for hanging. If the wall is somewhat damaged ...g this operation, call in a plasterer, who will speedily ...matters, at a very slight additional expense.

* * *

...ost Collar-Stud.

...another stud, similar to the one lost, and ...exactly in the same position in which you were ...the loss occurred. Think of the last ...thought of, turn out the gas, and drop the ...listening intently to the sound of its rolling. ...floor intently, and in an incredibly short ..., one or other of the studs will be found.

* *

...efreshing Beverage.

...some lemons. Cut them in halves with a knife, ...eze their essential juices by means of hand-...into a glass or some other suitable vessel. Add ...gar to taste, and stir. This concoction will ...a delicious drink.

* *

...user Buttons.

...embarrassing occurrence happens not infrequently ...riously enough, it is generally confined to the male ...If one button falls, hitch the two brace straps on ...remaining button. If all the front buttons are lost, bring the braces under the armpits and fasten behind. Should the braces burst, procure a handkerchief from a friend, fasten it to your own, by means of a knot, and bind the whole about your body. And if all your trouser buttons are shed, there are many ways out of the difficulty that your native ingenuity should suggest. A good idea is to thrust your hands into your trouser pockets, raising them and forcing the hands outwards, and to stroll slowly home, whistling unconcernedly. In such circumstances, the hat, under no consideration, should be raised to lady acquaintances.

[Note.—The foregoing rules do not apply to ladies.]

* * *

Storms. (To Shelter From)

Enter any A.B.C. restaurant, and demand a bath-bun. Call for a glass of hot water (gratis) and add three lumps of sugar (gratis). Stir, sip slowly, reading all the periodicals and newspapers in the neighbourhood (gratis). Play a one-hand game of dominoes (gratis), select your umbrella ( ), and depart quickly.

* * *

Needle. (To Thread a)

Select needle to taste. Procure some thread or cotton, and hold the needle up to the light, as if for examination. Approach the needle towards the thread, or vice versâ, deftly insert the thread through the eye of the needle and draw through.

* * *

Suicide. (To Commit)

Go to your near-st chemist's and procure sufficient strychnine to stun an elephant. (For the dog, of course). Repeat this process every day for three weeks. Now procure a stout piece of rope, fashion a nooso, and insert head. Then saturate your clothes with paraffin, climb a five-storied building, swallow the draught, kindle your clothing, making sure that the flames have taken good hold, slice the jugular and jump.

[Note.—The other end of the rope should be fastened to a chimney stack, as otherwise you might fall into the street and sustain severe injuries.]

* * *

Murder. (To Commit a)

This can only be communicated privately, as our space is insufficient to treat of this subject under its numerous headings, which include, "Mothers-in-law," "The last of the rag-time singers," and "Editors."

[*And* "Contributors."—Ed.]

* * *

...hicken-House. (To Build a)

Valuable information on this subject can be obtained from the great kinema artist, Will Evans.

* * *

Hats. (Uses for an Old Top-)

The linings of old top-hats can, with very little labour, be cunningly fashioned into delightful pocket-handkerchiefs. The hat itself forms a fine foundation "prop." for private theatricals, and is suited for hero or heavy man alike. A whole dramatic plot even can be centred around the discarded headgear, and the stirring title of "The Empty Cylinder" immediately suggests itself. In addition, the rim can be swiftly removed, by means of a sharp penknife, or a pair of scissors, the result forming a ready base for that exciting game, which is all the rage, "Home Quoits" Invert the remainder and this, tastefully decorated with pink ribbons, makes a fine geranium-pot, and if a few holes are punched in the onetime crown, the old hat is transformed into an artistic potato-strainer, or if the holes are enlarged, you have before you an exquisite coal-sifter. M. L.

...re did you get the idea of that Picture?"
...of my head.'
...lly glad to get it out, weren't you?"

Poet: "I've made a will leaving you that last poem I wrote."

Editor: "Er—ah—I hope your health is all right."

FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

We have to announce, with reluctance, that our Sixth Football Competition is withdrawn.

STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

A general recovery has at last set in in all markets, there is plenty of business doing, investment buying is a satisfactory feature, and prices all round look like going better.

* * *

People who have acted on my advice in this last month or two must have made money, and not a little but a lot, as prices have very much appreciated, and in some stocks as much as 10 to 15 points.

* * *

There was another sensational rise in Mexican Rails last week, which appears to have been largely based on the President's expressed views that General Huerta is a fading power in Mexico.

* * *

There are still plenty of complications and troubles to be overcome before we shall see any real peace in Mexico, but the rapid rise in Mexican securities is evidence of how very much the fall in prices was overdone.

* * *

Readers will remember my expressing the opinion at the commencement of this year that Bears had had their innings in 1913, and that 1914 will be the turn of the Bulls.

* * *

Industrial shares have been exceedingly active, Mexican Trams being quite a feature, with a rise of about six points.

* * *

My prophecy regarding Marconis has also fructuated. The shares have been persistently bid for, and from under £3 they have now gone over £4.

* * *

The brisk buying of rubber shares has been a welcome change, but I cannot hold out hope of any permanent rise in this market. The option sales stimulated the buying movement, but it has not been maintained.

* * *

The announcement of the first Railway dividend was highly satisfactory. The Deferred Ordinary of the Great North of Scotland Railway received two per cent. per annum for the last half year, the highest rate ever paid. This final distribution makes 1½ per cent. for the year, against three-quarter per cent. per annum for the eleven months ended December, 1912.

* * *

This announcement caused a fillip among Home Rails. Further dividend announcements are now being anxiously looked for, and prices all round are remarkably firm in anticipation of further good announcements.

* * *

Rhodesian Mining Shares have seethed with activity. The rapid fluctuation in Chartereds is proof of big dealings in these shares, which have risen 3/- or 4/- in the last fortnight.

* * *

Readers who bought on my advice a month or two ago should now realise, but the speculator or investor who has been waiting for a move in the markets should be extremely careful that he is not attracted to buy rubbish, which will be exploited in plenty on any active movements in the markets.

* * *

Among Rhodesians, of course, Chartereds are one of the safest shares to deal in. There is always plenty of business doing in these shares, and one can invariably buy or sell at very close prices.

* * *

Grand Trunk junior stocks have been in strong request, especially the Third Pref, which I advised readers to buy at £48. The price is now £52 10s. for the £100 stock.

* * *

Americans have been having a happy time. Little Eries, which I recommended at anything under 30, are now quoted at 33 dollars, and Union Pacifics have run up six points to 166 dollars.

Now I do candidly think the Stock Exchange better times, as money is cheap, and the public not touched markets for a very long time must have of cash hoarded up, which, if attracted to Exchange, will cause the real boom in prices.

* * *

It is, however, highly advisable that readers extremest caution in their selections, and if I any assistance in this direction I shall be only to place my advice at the disposal of my readers.

* * *

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

My selections of Gilt-Edged Securities for again enable me to show a four per cent. yield. the general recovery in prices it will be extreme for me to recommend high-class Trustee Securities ing such a return, if the improvement that has in continues.

* * *

	Price	£ s.
Victoria 4 per cent. Loan	100	4 0
New Zealand 1908 Loan	103½	4 1
Port of London 4 per cent. Stock	97½	4 2
Sierra Leone 4 per cent. Loan	98½	4 1

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

F. N. (Brixton).—You must be extremely careful in w among Mines. I should say Chartereds are as good a spe could go in for.

Investor.—Buy Great Northern Deferred and Brighton Chats are a mere gamble, but South Eastern Deferred are c

F. L. (Lincoln).—As I mentioned in my notes a week or two are worth buying, but price has improved about 10s. to 1 since then.

S. S. (Richmansworth).—Eries are the best gamble among

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INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT 3 to 4 INCHES

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

Miss E. L. (Muswell Hill) writes: "I now write to say, with pleasure, that I have gained another inch in height, which makes four. I have also benefited in health. I wish I had known of it sooner."

"Wanted," says the advertisement in the Situations Vacant column, "men of good appearance." That is simply another way of saying "tall men."

The tall man is always the man who is wanted. To him, and to him only, are the best positions open.

The Army, the Navy, the Police Forces, at home and abroad, all require tall men.

In the office it is just the same. The tall man is preferred because his personal influence is greater than that of a short man. He has a dominant physique, and what he says carries weight.

In all cases women prefer tall men. The advantage of being tall is therefore as great socially as it is in a business way.

Do you realise that your stature is a thing which rests in your own hands? You can increase your height by means of my special exercises just as easily as you can increase the size of your arm or your chest.

All the time I require you to devote to my exercises is ten minutes each morning and evening. They are very interesting and pleasant to perform, and, as no appliances are used in connection with them, there is no danger of overstrain. Besides increasing your height, my exercises will greatly improve your physique and general fitness, and you will be delighted with them in every way. In three months' time my system will make you taller by from two to four inches, and you will be stronger and healthier than you ever were before.

I do not undertake the treatment of cases where the student is over forty, as after that age the cartilaginous cushions of the spine are in most cases not susceptible to increase, and a disappointed pupil would be no recommendation to me.

PROOF.

W. F. H. (Newport) writes.—"I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

G. H. B (Bradford) writes:—"I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was feet 9½ inches but it is now 5 feet an increase of 2½ inches, which I think is very good."

Lance-cpl. F. C. V. (Chatham) writes:—"Am truly astonished and delighted with the result, which is this—a gain of one inch in a month. This I consider remarkable and a splendid testimony to the efficacy and value of your system and the exercises which you prescribed for me, taking into consideration the fact that I have been in the Army some time and a considerable time having elapsed since I completed all drill and gymnastics as a recruit."

W. B. (Kenley) writes:—"When I commenced your course my height was 5ft. 2½ins. I am glad to be able to say that it is now 5ft. 4½ ins. This is all actual increase, as I was very upright before I started your course. As regards general fitness, I must say it has increeased marvellously."

J. P. (Ascot) writes:— "I am now over two inches taller than I was before I started using your exercises."

W. S (Somerset) writes after eight weeks of my exercises: "I am feeling very much better than I did when I started them. I have gained two inches in height, and my chest round the chest, also half an inch round the calf, and three-quarters round the thigh."

W. W. (Stroud) writes: "I am now commencing your tenth lesson, and am very pleased to tell you that since commencing I have increased two inches in actual height, and am well pleased with your exercises; am also feeling as well as ever in my life."

R. J. W. (Spennymoor) writes: "Progress very satisfactory, and quite up to expectations."

J. H. (Workington) writes: "I feel champion since commencing your course."

A. K. (Southsea) writes:—"I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2½ inches."

The full names and addresses of these and many other students who heartily recommend my system will be sent to all interested readers.

Write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN, The Six-Foot Specialist,

Dept. M, 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

After the many conflicting rumours to the detriment of The Tetrarch, it is quite pleasing to note that the latest news with regard to that great performer is to the effect that he is wintering well, and there is not much doubt of his being trained this year. The latest message is not official, but, judging by the prominence some sporting papers are giving to it, they must be fairly sure of their information. Since The Tetrarch met with a mishap last autumn, when, in pulling up after a gallop, he over-reached himself and hit a fore tender sharply, with the result that he had to be retired for the season, there has been an air of mystery about Captain McCalmont's colt. The connections have maintained a strong silence about the horse's well-being since then, and those who supported the horse at short rates for the Derby, when he was carrying all before him last season, must have been on tenter-hooks for some time.

Every sportsman hopes that the latest rumour is correct, and that the smashing grey will again assert his superiority as he did last year. Very great will be the interest centred on his first appearance of the season, and it is safe to assume that, if he is fit and well, and has made corresponding improvement with those of his years, there will be no more popular performer with the public.

After the big prices realised for horses like Prince Palatine, Tracery, Craganour, Aboyeur and others, it is quite a change to hear of a horse that has competed in the Epsom Derby being sold for the modest sum of twelve guineas—the price of a moderate tradesman's horse. Such was the figure realised for Throne and Country, who was once known as Moet, the other day when Captain Holland sold him to Mr. O. Dixon. Throne and Country, the "Advertising" horse, competed in the Derby of 1908, won by the 100 to one outsider, Signorinetta. Since then, he has won on the flat and over hurdles, but only in moderate company, and since Captain Holland purchased him for 800 guineas in 1911 he has failed to earn a winning bracket. Such an absurdly low figure as twelve guineas for a Derby horse is even larger than the price fetched by Old Nick, who ran in Spearmint's Derby of 1906. He was sold for a fiver.

Another instance of a horse who has run in good-class company being sold for a mere song is that of Mount Felix, who won a selling hurdle race at Nottingham last week. Mount Felix won from very smart horses when a juvenile, but so greatly did he deteriorate that he was sold for less than a pony some eighteen months ago.

I am glad to hear that the report circulated that Mr. George Edwardes, of theatrical fame, contemplated retiring from the turf is entirely without foundation. The rumour came as a great surprise to me, as I happen to know that Mr. Edwardes is very keen on endeavouring to win this year's Derby with his colt, Flying Orb, of whom he holds a high opinion. Those who only go racing on Saturday afternoons will also be pleased that the "Guv'nor" is not relinquishing his interest in the game, as no owner has a bigger following with the half-holiday public. Mr. Edwardes holds quite an enviable record for Saturdays, and the number of winners he has had on this day of the week is a very large one. There are, of course, a large number of theatrical folk who regularly follow the pretty and distinctive turquoise and white chevrons colours. Most people know that Mr. Edwardes has been seriously ill for some time, suffering from a clot of blood on the brain, which, fortunately, has now dispersed, and it is good news to hear that there is every hope for his complete recovery.

Three meetings are down for decision this week, when the best sport will be seen at Sandown Park on Friday and Saturday.

At Leicester, on Monday, the Wigston Steeplechase should fall to Meridian, the Novices' Steeplechase to Wavylace, and the Humberstone Maiden Selling Hurdle to Red Jacket. On the concluding day, Levanter may score in the February Handicap Hurdle, Marcellinus in the Harrington Steeplechase Handicap, and Adelante in the Wistow Hall Steeplechase.

On the opening day of the Warwick Meeting on Wednesday, Borough March may take the Avon Selling Hurdle, King's Cure the Upton Selling Steeplechase, and Cannock Lass the County Handicap Hurdle. On Thurs-day, the Watergall Four-Year-Old Hurdle Handicap should be won by Stargantese, the Coventry Selling Steeplechase by Cowper's Oak, and the Lammas Selling Hurdle by Amersham.

Several useful hurdlers will compete in the Sandown Grand Prize on Friday, and the spoils should fall to Mr. C. Assheton-Smith's selected, Red Damsel or Mr. Park. General Fox may take the Mole Handicap Hurdle, and Grey Fly the February Four-Year Old Selling Hurdle. On the second day, most interest will be centred in the Prince of Wales' Handicap Steeplechase, which should bring out some Aintree horses, and the prize should fall to last year's winner of the Grand National, Covertcoat. Fleeting Peace will probably win the Epsom Maiden Steeplechase, and Bouton Rouge the Woking Selling Hurdle.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Any man under a cloud naturally appears in a bad light.

* * *

Those who pay as they go usually find the going good.

* * *

It's sometimes easier to discharge an obligation than a cook.

* * *

A man must use his head if he would get there with his feet.

* * *

Peace is appreciated by the man who has fought for it.

* * *

Reciprocity is pretending to like people who pretend to like you.

* * *

A man has a right to expect a square deal in a transaction and so has the other fellow.

* * *

It keeps a poor workman busy looking for a job.

* * *

Do the best you can at all times and let the other fellow worry.

* * *

A conceited man is one who thinks he isn't.

* * *

A flirt is always on the go, but she never gets anywhere.

* * *

It is a toss up between a many-sided man and a two-faced woman.

* * *

Many a nervous woman has solved the problem of perpetual emotion.

* * *

Fortunate is the man who can make his running express slow down to a walk.

* * *

There may be racial traits in education, but what is more international is the small boy's hatred of it.

* * *

We cannot blame a man who leads a dog's life if he growls.

* * *

It is easier to induce a man to accept a favour than to take a joke.

* * *

The smaller an estate, the fewer legal questions are involved.

* * *

No, Cordelia, you can't settle a doctor's bill by returning his calls.

* * *

It doesn't take a girl's ideal long to develop into a commonplace husband.

* * *

It sometimes happens that after a man has made his mark in the world his wife makes him toe it.

* * *

About the time we escape from the old pedagogue with his birch rod along comes experience with a big stick.

* * *

The modern version is—marry in haste and repent at pleasure

* * *

A girl with a face as pretty as a picture may be spoiled by an ugly frame of mind.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

I write this almost a week before *Modern Life* will be off the printing presses and on sale, and presume most of my readers have observed that it is cold, and very cold. I have struck east wind in its natural home, Edinburgh, where it seems to blow for about six months in the year; but the north-east wind of the last week combined with fog and frost, and coal at £3 per ton, owing to the beneficent sway of Trades Unionism, and the most natural objection of the big coal firms to squander a whole penny as an extra fee for loading the said sixty shilling ton, has established a record in miserableness, and brought to the front a few dodges and devices for keeping warm.

* * *

The story is told that the late Lord Randolph Churchill was seen at Charing Cross Station, in weather such as we have been having, and on being asked where he was going, replied that he was off to Russia to get warm.

* * *

The fact is that in countries where there is great but continuous and dry cold the general population is more comfortable than here in England where one may leave home in mild weather, and in a few hours shiver in the penetrating damp cold which afflicts us in the British Islands.

* * *

Emergency warmth is what we must aim at in England; something to ward off the sudden chill which catches us unawares, and which may lead to pneumonia and other allied troubles. I have found putting on a second waistcoat an excellent emergency heater. If the under waistcoat should be longer than the upper, or show more at the neck-opening, a tucking in of the offending part overcomes that item of unsightliness, while the immediate feeling of warmth is "grateful and comforting."

* * *

Another cheap, portable, and almost omnipresent, emergency heater is paper. A few days ago I found myself at a wayside station on the —— Railway. Carriages unheated, foot-warmers unknown of, the chilly-looking but genial stationmaster, who "had heard of them, believed they had some at the terminus, but had not seen any hereabouts."

* * *

I bethought me of the paper idea, borrowed from the stationmaster an old copy of an expansive, but not expensive, daily paper, tucked one portion between coat and waistcoat, and another round my legs from above knee to top of carriage, and was kept perfectly comfortable and warm during the two hours' journey. A sheet of newspaper across the chest is a wonderfully good emergency protector against cold wind when motoring.

* * *

In such weather as we have at time of writing, there are two vulnerable spots in our organism—the throat with the tubes descending from it, and the small of the back. For the first, a single layer of flannel—or if one is fastidious, silk—which need not be larger than about six inches wide by five inches deep, suspended from base of neck in front, forms a protection more perfect than it sounds upon paper. A rather larger apron of wool or silk hung from waist-line at back adds materially to comfort, and immunity from lumbago troubles.

* * *

Keep the feet warm, is the universal advice of physicians, and some months ago I gave here a few ideas as to how this can be done. One item for the chilly-footed mortal is to have the boots warmed before the feet are inserted. This may sound trite advice, but why use up the blood heat already scanty at the extremities—to warm boots. If the boots when put on are cold, then your blood heat must proceed to warm them. You have a limited stock of heat. Do not waste it. Put your boots on, at least at blood heat, and if slightly warmer so much the better.

* * *

Captain Saunders will be pleased to answer in this column questions concerning any problem of dress. Readers requiring a prompt reply should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

SALE AND EXCHANGE.

Readers or advertisers can insert advertisements in this column to buy or sell goods at the rate of 2d. per word. Instructions must be sent with remittance so as to reach this office on or before Tuesday morning of each week. Letters should be addressed: Advertisement Department, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Gramophone. 20-guinea handsome, hornless, inlaid Sheraton cabinet, height 4ft., record cupboard, completely enclosed, on wheels; purchased April; with records, £5 10s. Approval willingly.—3, Aubert Park, Highbury, London.

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"F.I.P."—For sale, a limited quantity of Fox's improved Puttees, slightly imperfect. Various colours, including Drab, Khaki, Grey, Brown, Green. 2s. 6d. per pair, post free; usual price 6s.—Fox Brothers and Co., Ltd., Dept. ML, Wellington, Somerset.

You can put inches on your height in three months. Send 3 stamps for particulars to Arthur Girvan, Height Specialist, 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

Quick Cure for Piles, Old Sores, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Blotchings and Chafings for P.O. 1/-. Box 502, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

If you are fat send to me. Some people spend pounds in curing their obesity. Obesity is a disease, sometimes a dangerous one, but I will send you full particulars of a cure recommended by eminent physicians for P.O. 1/- only.—503, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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